Gleanings Along the Highways

Margaret Gertrude Lang Miller



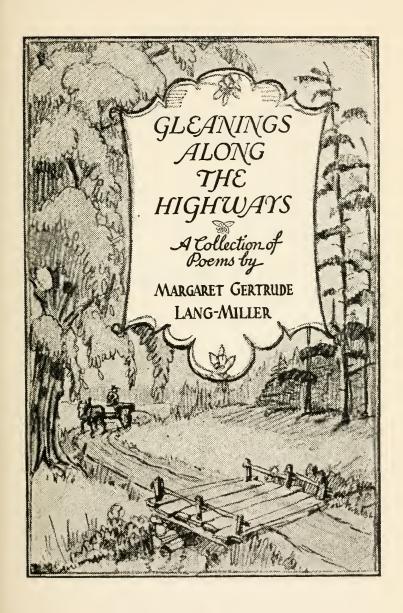
Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2007 with funding from Microsoft Corporation



Dedicated to my husband Edgar Ethelbert Miller.

M.G.L.-M.





388



PS 8473 A66G 5

Contents

0

									Page
Be of Good Cheer -		_	_						15
Beauty			_		-				17
Ode to My Birthday				_	-	-	-		19
The Changing Cycles				-	-	-			24
Working and Singing						_			29
Mother's Day					_	_			31
Liberty's Army -			_		_	-	-		32
Nannie and Buddie									35
Resentment -	_								38
The Influence of Books	٠.	-	_	_					40
Memory				_	_				42
Misunderstood -	_	_		_	-				46
A Look Into Life -							_		48
Come Little Birdie	-	-	-				_	_	50
The Duck-Billed Platypus		•	•	· .		_	_		51
Little Birdie	•	•	-	-	-	- T	-		54
Platonics	•	-	-	•				_	55
Prohibition	-	-	•	•	-	-			58
	-		-	•	•	-		_ •	61
Billy, My Kitty -	-	-	-	•	•	-	-	٠.	63
March		•	-	•	•	•	•		65
Christmas Bells -	-	•	-	-	-	•	•	-	66
The New Year, 1934	-	-	•	•	-	-	•	•	68
To My Dear Sister	-	-	-	-	-	-	•	-	71
The River	-	-	-	-	-	-	•	•	73
My Blue-Eyed Husband		•	-	-	•	-	-	-	75
Prosperity	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	•	78
Our Political Polyglot	-	-	-	-	-	-	•	•	81
The Homing Pigeon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	83
Great Britain -	-	-		•	-	-	-	•	
German Kultur -	-	-	-	•	•	-	-	-	85 86
The Last Night of the Y	ear	1931	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Memoria	-		-	•	-	-	-	-	91
April Birds, and Flowers		•	-	-	-	-	-	•	93
The Atheist, and His Gra	ve	-	-	-	•	-	-	-	96
The Soldier's Friends	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	99
Childhood Days -	-	-	-	-	•	-	-	-	102
The Late Lord Balfour		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	105
The Missing Bible -		-	-	-	-	•	-	-	107
The Messages -		-	•	-	-	-	•	-	110
Dark Days		-		-	•		-	-	112
The Need of the World	is]	esus	-	-	-	-	-	•	113
Lord of the Household		-		-		-	-	-	114

Contents—Continued

								rage
The Narrow Way -	-	-	-		-	-	-	118
My Childhood Days -	-	-	-		-	-	-	119
Give Me a Jury	-	•	-	-	-	-	-	125
Springtime	-	-	-			-	-	127
The Burning of Our Home	-	-	-	-	-	-		139
Canada's Great Domain	-	-	-	-	-	_	-	147
The Nation in the Cradle	-	-	-		-	-	-	152
The World War -	-	-	-		-	-	-	156
My Country Needs Me Nov	v	-	-	-	-	-	-	159
No Room for Gloom -	-	-	-	-	-		-	164
Depression					-	_	-	168
Motherhood	-	-	-	-		-	_	169
The Belfry of St. George	-	_	_				-	170
Greeting to Grandmothers	-	-		-	-	-	-	173
Christmas Day, 1908 -	-		-					176
Mrs. Busby's Baby -						-	_	177
Harvest Time	_	-	_		_			180
Farewell	_	_			_	_	_	183
Purity	_						_	186
Daffodils and Tulips -	_	_	_		-			190
To Mrs. (Dr.) Bingham	_	_			_		_	194
The Loss of the Titanic								198
Serving								202
My Vision	_	_			_	_		204
The Faithful on Duty -							_	206
The Sermon	_		_	_	_		_	207
The Light-House by the Lal	re.	-		_			_	210
Editorial					_	_	_	220
The College Professor -			_ ~	_		-	_	221
Sympathy	_	_	- T		-			226
The Old World in Noah's 7	Cima.	_	_			-		228
In Memorial	Lime			- T			-	231
Guide Thou Thy People	-					Ī.,	- 7	237
Open Our Hearts -		-	- T.	٠.	•	. •	-	240
The Master's Return	-	-				•	-	241
The Time of the End -	•	-	•	•	•		-	243
Behold, the Bridegroom Com	. arh	Ga V	. 0	* a 1	Maak	Him	•	245
Calling the Church -	ietii,	G0 1	e Out	10 1	vieet	1 11111	-	247
Christ as an Ideal	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	247
Vanity	•	•	•	•		•		249
	•	•	•	•	•	•	-	253
Grant Us Thy Pardon God's Works and Laws	•	•	•	-		•	•	255 255
	•	•	•	•	•	•	-	
The Chosen Jews -	•	•	•	-		•	•	257
My Husband's Dream	•	-	-	**		-	-	265

Contents—Continued

				Page
The Harvest Time	-			268
Ring Out		-	-	270
The Resurrection Morning	-		-	271
Victory		-	-	272
Press Into the Kingdom	-		-	274
To the Saints	_	-	-	275
Triumphant	-		-	276
Waiting				277
The Life Beyond the Grave			-	278
The Power of Prayer and Faith				279
Sickness				281
A Living Faith			-	282
The Time Draweth Near				283
Christ Our Great Physician			_	285
My Song to Jesus, When at Work	_			237
My Cross! My Cross		_	_	291
Prayer Answered				294
Midnight Thoughts				297
Confidence	_	· ·		299
The Life in Christ	-	•		301
Song of Hope		•	•	304
Discouraged	•	•	•	305
I am Ready		•	•	306
Jesus, My Saviour, is Coming Again -	-	•	-	308
Come to the Mercy Seat		•	•	310
Our Lord's Return	•	•	•	314
		-	•	316
Hope and Joy	•	•	•	
New Year Sabbath Evening		-	•	317
My Song	-	•	-	320
Our Lord's Day		•	-	321
To Little Urmy Johnson		-	-	323
My Prayer of Intercession, for a Glorious Reviva	al	•	-	324
The Hidden Life	-	•	-	3 27
Faith		•	-	331
Easter (1908)	•	-	-	332
The Church Easter Sunday		•	-	334
The Day of Grace	-	•	-	338
Obedience		•	-	339
Praise	-	-	•	341
I Only Know		•	-	342
Look Up! Look Up!	-	-	-	344
The Abscess	-	-		346
My Trysting Place	-	-	-	347
Trust On				340







MARGARET GERTRUDE LANG-MILLER

Foreword

O forth little volume out, into the world,
Like a weak sailing vessel, with sails in furl,
No literary attainment, or fame, is my aim;
Or that any honour, should be attached to my name.
These poems have been written in my spare time,
After household duties; then came the rhyme.

Sometimes while working, the muse would burn,
In the evening time, often it would return.
In great humility sending this forth,
Pleading for patience, while you read.
Written not, for the eye of a critical mind,
But for the heart of the world; my desire to find.

Sharing the distress, of a sorrow crush'd world;
Does this child of nature, desire to sing.
Gleaning a little, here and there,
The wayfarer's burden trying to share,
These my humble thoughts, while passing along,
The byways of life, or the city's throng.

Margaret Gertrude Lang Miller.



Be of Good Cheer

B E of good cheer, all men and creeds,
That are going through distress;
Just lift your hearts, to Christ the King,
And to him, your sin confess.

The days are dark, the times are bad,
And dark clouds hovering 'round,
"Be of good cheer," the days may come:
When much blessing will be found.

The little birds, that sing their songs,

Leave their nests, at peep of day;

They fly on wing to find their food,

Which Providence provides alway.

In their nests, he does not pack their food,
But has decreed, that they shall search,
They hurry, scurry, here and there;
Happy to leave their perch.

A lesson, we may truly learn,
From these feather'd friends,
Their industry, their mode of life!
Has sacred, hidden powers.

Before they leave their branch at dawn,

They pour forth songs of praise;

They live to love, to sing, to work,

For their young throughout their days.

Then friends; why should we sit around, And idle all day long? Go forth! go forth! and search for work, For a living to all belong.

Have faith, and trust, in God our Lord,
Fly far, if need should call!
Be up! and doing and you'll find,
There's work, and food for all.

For he who guides our destinies, Declares, "that man shall work, And by the sweat of his own face, Shall earn his daily bread."

There's something wrong! Yes something wrong!
With the management of men?
When everything is out of gear,
And they're powerless, to right it again.

Beauty

THERE'S beauty in the sunrise, at the early blush of morn,
When in its radiant silence, another day is born;
The birds are singing sweetly, before they leave their nests,
And on the shrubs and meadows, the gentle dew doth rest.

There's beauty in the sunset, a wealth of colour scheme, That's more than any artist can think, or paint, or dream; The grandeur of its beauty, surpass the human mind, And in its changing colour; our love therein we find.

There's beauty in the twilight, as it casts its shadows dark, Upon the hills and valleys, the woodland; and the park, It gives its benediction, at the close of parting day, And calls to weary nature, to put her work away.

There's beauty in the moonbeams, that cast their shimmering light,

Upon the placid waters, within the silent night.

They cheer the lonely traveller, as he plods his homeward way,

Whose form is bent and weary, with the labour of the day.

There's beauty in the stalwart oak, with spreading branches wide,

Standing a silhouette, against the mountainside, Majesty, and grandeur, are in its form display'd,

As the silvery moonbeams glisten, on its branches thus array'd.

There's beauty in the glow-fly, when he spreads his wings at night,

Giving forth his little flame, so cheery and so bright, Flying hither, and thither, around the grassy lawn, Secretly he hides away, before the break of dawn.

There's beauty in the cricket's song, as he sings beneath the rug,

Vying with his neighbour, the whizzing, burring, bug, His song lends enchantment; to the darkness of the night, Helps to drive away dull care; darkening clouds become more bright.

There's beauty in the tree-toad, as he screeches out his song,

When the night is still, and sultry, and the hours seem so long;

When we lie awake upon our bed, and sleep's depart'd far, We hail his song with gladness, as it wafts upon the air.

There's beauty in the flowers, throughout, the live-long year,

Silent messengers of love are they; to hearts they bring good cheer;

To the bride at the altar, or the dead within their bier; Their presence scatters sunshine, tho' the days be dark, and drear.

Ode to My Birthday

MY heart has one glad song love,
Love so constant full and free,
It has borne me ever onward,
And I long its end to see.
Long to walk the golden city,
Long to be at "HOME" with God.

We have walked, and trudg'd o'er pathway, 'Long life's journey, lone and sad; Known defeat and known the victory, In those temples made of clay. Precious Comrade I am growing, Older with the passing years, But my thoughts, are fill'd with music, That disperse, all doubts and fears.

Once again I see my birthday, Bright and lovely day it is; There's no storm or snow; but sunshine, And within there's perfect peace.

I am sailing with my Master, O'er the surf, I see his face; I am singing while I'm cooking, And my thoughts do run apace. I must now prepare my dinner,
For my husband's coming in;
Coming in, both tired, and hungry,
From his mill, that grindeth grain.
There he toils from morn, 'till evening,
Working for our daily bread.
Yes! he's working hard and earnest;
Blessings on his faithful head.

So I'm making gems, and pudding, On this my fateful, natal day. Sometimes I, grow very weary, And I fain, would shirk, or play, But the path of life, is duty! That should be plain, to one and all, If the flesh, and spirit striveth, Let it be the flesh, that fall.

Thus I'm singing while I'm working, To make home, both clean and bright, Well I know, that my dear husband, Loves to see things, placed aright.

O! my heart is fill'd with music, Vibrating to the cords of love. There's no task that's low or menial, When with love, that task is wove. Now! the duties, all are finish'd, And the shades of night are here, Retrospection stealeth o'er me, As I scan the backward years. I have been so frail in body, Life has been a struggle long; As I sit here now, and writing, Still my heart is fill'd with song.

Often time, I wonder greatly,
What the future holds in store?
If the nebula were lifted,
Could we see yon' distant shore?
But the Master rules most wisely,
When he hides that from our eyes,
Though we've passed beyond the hilltop,
And beneath the valley lies.

O! my heart is fill'd with music, Music on my natal day! Birds are singing, flowers are blooming, Loudly sing their tuneful lay.

Nature everywhere is lovely, February though it be; Sunshine bright, serene, and joyous, O'er the turnpike and the lea. Thoughts are turning to my mother,
To my father and sisters too;
That have pass'd beyond the shadows,
And the pearly gates gone through.
I behold them in my vision,
And their presence seemeth near,
O my mother! darling mother!
Press me to your heart so dear!

O'er me crept, a strange, sad longing, At the noontide, hour today; In the morning I was jubilant, Singing loudly in glad ecstacy; But this teaches us the frailty, Of our feeble hearts, and minds, Creatures of emotion surely, In this strange impulse that binds.

So I wept! and wept me freely! Floodgates open'd to me wide; And the sluice gates, too, were pouring, In upon; their rushing tide.

Yes! my heart was bow'd in sorrow, And refus'd to be consol'd; 'Till the torrents that were pent up, In their anguish, were controll'd. When the storm had spent its fury,
When my heart grew light again;
Brighter shone the sun around me,
"The sun that shineth after rain."
For the soul within had spoken,
Spoken in this strangest mood.
Thoughts that smoulder long, will kindle,
Like Vesuvius flaming forth.

But I hope, more than smoke, and lava, May come forth, from my stupid brain, For I wish to scatter sunshine, More than tempest, storm, and rain. If while travelling on my journey, I may make somebody glad; Then my life will be a blessing, Blessing rather than a fad.

So I'm happy! yes, I'm happy!
Though I'm growing older now;
Time has left her impress lightly,
On my ringlets, and my brow.
Faith is brighter! Love is stronger;
Now! then when a maiden gay;
Life, and its perspective changeth,
As the swift years pass away.

February 18, 1933.

The Changing Cycles

EN are sitting smoking, puffing,
Blowing bubbles 'round their head,
Yet this grim spectre is moving,
Like an army from the dead.
I can see its lengthening shadow,
Falling now upon the mead' . . .
Creeping o'er the fields, and hilltops,
With a stealthy, steady, tread.

"Men's hearts failing them for fear of Things that's coming on the earth;" But since time's been swinging onward, Human nature revels in mirth. Some there are that sense the danger, While the multitudes are girt, With the spirit of scorn, and humour, Thoughtlessly they woo and flirt.

Mother time is rolling onward! In the epochs, and cycles past; She is teaching us a lesson, That prosperity, ne'er doth last.

When adversity cold and icy, Sweeps across our glorious land; Then we wonder what's the matter, Our blind hearts, can't understand. History in her annals tell us,
Times like these, have been before,
Not the same of course my neighbour;
Crowding closely to our door!
So we think these trials in passing,
Pressing hard upon the poor,
Is a tragedy, upon mankind,
Lowering clouds upon the moor!

These perilous times, will pass my brother,
Tho' they crush our hearts so sore:
They a blessing may be pouring,
Even though it be not lore.
Oft' in the judgments human mortals,
Learn the pathway of the just;
If in life 'twere always sunshine,
We would never learn, how to trust.

Life is struggling! scrambling! striving!
In death throes, throughout the years;
Life makes millionaires, and paupers,
Luxury for the rich, for the poor, dread fears.
Times are not as bad, dear people,
As they were a century ago;
We know nothing! simply nothing!
Of their squalor, want, and woe.

We have Christian people kindly,
Who take note, of the people's need;
Men and governments, are trying,
To supply poor people's need.
But their task grows, harder, larger;
And they're calling for strong lead.
Yet the wolves, and beasts, are howling,
Of the lower, lesser breed.

Thus all through the countless ages, Grief, and sorrow have their turn; It may be true, in coming epochs, That the nations yet unborn; Distress! depression! want and hardship, May worm their way, and deeply burn; 'Tis God alone, that knows the outcome, And can those miseries, overturn.

Every age and generation, Shall ride the waves, and trough at sea, Sometimes on the shining mountains, At others, resting on the lea.

Thus the tide of life flows onward, Bearing all frail mortals on, Why! Our lives are just a shadow; Here to-day! . . . To-morrow gone! Let us take a true perspective,
Scan the horizon line at morn;
Then we see the light but dimly,
When another day is born.
Soon the sun rides on in splendour;
Beaming o'er this gladsome earth:
Ever constant, ever faithful,
Since creation gave her birth.

Never lagging! never stopping!
In her orbit, runs her course,
Sweeping onward! looking downward!
On this darken'd sin-worn earth.
But her rays, will shine more brightly,
When the hearts, and lives of men,
Leave the muck-rakes, and the cobwebs,
For the heights, where honour reign.

Just as long as people banter, Cheat, and lie, for sake of gain; Killing conscience, and the finer, Instincts of the human brain.

Watch in jealous, envious hatred, Things to them, that are not plain. Dark surmising and foreboding, Ever with us will remain. Like his Master, Jack is striving,
To be equal in the race;
But the servant must be humble,
Serving honestly in his place.
That they've not been doing truly,
We can tell them to their face!
Retribution, gaunt and stern,
Thrusts pride down, to sad disgrace.

Friends! you cannot make a lion,
Out of a rat, . . . that burrows deep,
The lion strides, in strength and glory;
The rat runs to its hole, to peep.
Yet the rats provoke much mischief,
In a storehouse of golden grain,
Eating out the heart and kernel,
Nothing but the chaff remains.

The wheels of progress, turning backward, Feel the pressure and the strain; Times are changing! the travail's with us! I'm telling you, in this refrain.

At the end of dispensations, Works get out of joint somehow; Trouble! sorrow! and tribulation! The wrench that's in the wheels just now.

Working and Singing

Song-Bells are ringing in my heart,
A message to me they may impart;
They are pealing loudly while I work.
"I'll follow thee, in work and song—
While my hands are busy I can sing."
I haven't time to sit and muse,
But I can sing as I make pies.
The day is dull; snow lies on the ground.
Yet in my heart the song birds found,
The moments pass, in joy and peace,
While I keep busy at my work.

I know some day my hands shall rest, Be fold'd closely across my breast, So while I live I'll do my best, To sing in gladsome sweet refrain. The world needs comforters to-day—O! may she find them, on her way. God send us men, and women too, With a clear vision, strong and true, To guide the ship of State aright, And keep her steady in the fight. O! give us wisdom from above, And brood o'er us, thou God of love.

Disperse our enemies, far and wide, Cause them to skulk away and hide: Give thou to this Great Commonwealth, The strength to rule in righteousness. Help us dear Friend, to build on Thee-Firm ground of truth, and constancy. A "Christian social order" can't, E'er be established on this earth. Where evil dwells and stalks abroad, Raising its black and gruesome head. The kingdom of our God doth dwell, Within the portals of the soul. It is not, in outward evil things, A state of Heaven shall e'er be found. You cannot put the angel's wings, In unregenerate evil hearts.

So the same old story, doth remain;
That evil always tries to reign.
Vaunts itself in alluring garb, to
Catch the innocent in its net.
Who follows in its train shall find,
Destruction in its downward path;
But oft' times, e'er they learn the truth,
Justice is sounding forth her wrath.
Now I've sung my little song, though
My hands are busy, most all day long!

February 25, 1933.
This was composed while washing the dishes.

Mother's Day

H, precious day! thrice precious name!
Is "mother's day," above all fame,
The pulsing, throbbing, loving hearts,
That beat beneath the exterior frame.

A mother's love! what can compare?

A universe is resting there;

Within that hidden world beneath,

Where intermingle, peace, and prayer.

Yes! hallow'd all true mother's names;
And well deserve, a day of praise;
Oh, let us tune our golden harps,
And sing to them our sweetest lays.

'Twas mother's love that nourished us,

That dried our tears, and placed a kiss,

Upon our trembling quivering lips,

Her benediction then was bliss.

Oh weary world you can't afford,

To lay aside the garb of praise,

As long as earth revolves in space,

To mother's worth, pour forth your praise.

May 11, 1933.

Liberty's Army

ARK! what means the sound of footsteps,
Falling on my listening ear?
Hark! it is the sound of millions—
Tramping on, as they draw near!
They are like a flowing river;
Never ceasing in its course,
Bending, twisting, winding, turning,
On forever! in its course.

See them marching, steadily onward, Marching four abreast in line, Heads erect, they're forging upward, O'er the rugged hills of time.

Comrades faint, and oft' grow weary, As they climb, the dizzy height, Yet the soul of man plods onward, Under this 'mighty banner's light.

Heroes have lived, and died beneath it, Given their best, of brain, and brawn, Martyrs have perish'd, by spear and faggot, But their liberty, still lives on. Yes! I see them pass before me! This triumphant, victorious throng; Shining brighter, as the centuries, In their sweep of time pass on. A heritage, they have left to mortals, Who shall pass along their way; Liberty's torch is brightly burning, 'Midst the turmoil, and the fray.

Right, and wrong are ever grappling, Like the wind, and waves at sea, By a mighty, sweeping tempest, Therein was born, sweet Liberty.

Keep marching on, to time and music, Of this glorious Heaven-born song; In my vision I am counting, Millions that are borne along! With their torches, they are passing, Held aloft high o'er their head; While the tumult, and the shouting, Dies out; and passes, with the dead.

Bend not your knee, true liberty, To any earthly, caste or shrine, A greater vision 'you' have caught, And know your mission is divine.

When kings and thrones have passed away, And sleep together in the dust, The generations yet unborn; Shall ne'er let liberty's armour rust. I see the army passing yonder,
With steady tread, and face aglow!
It ne'er shall halt, and ne'er surrender,
When press'd by any earthly foe.
Its banners fly, o'er state and nation,
Where fought, have freedom's battles been,
With hearts unbending, colours flying,
Cheer for freedom's, valiant men!

Time was, when liberty's voice was hush'd, In infants swaddling clothes it lay, A sleeping babe, within its cradle—Pass'd has the world, that cruel day! Liberty's trump is sounding louder, A clarion call, to rich and poor, Aeolian harp, that wafts its music, In songs celestial, o'er the moor.

Liberty's army is crossing the bar,
Where justice, and mercy, together abide.
I see their palms waving, tumultous shouting!
As their laurels victorious, are plac'd side by side.
In armies aggressive, their foes have been many,
In onslaught, and hatred, they've trampl'd them down;
But armies are scattering, and foes are dispersing,
Cold hatred gives place, to a wreath, and a crown.

O, cruel bondsman! learn, you the lesson,
Compatriots of sword, shall perish thereby;
Forgotten you'll be, like the clods of the valley,
While liberty's banner, shall flourish on high.
O despot! or tyrant, or traitor, who scorneth,
The laws that true liberty, resteth upon;
Give place to your sword, go sheath it, and hide it,
While glorious liberty, passeth along!

Dark are the minds! and obscure the vision,
Darker the hearts, that within the breast beats,
Lower than animals, that graze on the hillsides,
They lurk, and they howl, in their lonely retreats.
God give us men, that will walk in my army,
Four abreast! as they march past in line!
Men that disdain, to be e'er found intriguing,
Men whose honour, and worth is sublime.

February 13, 1933.

Nannie and Buddie

OW cousin Maggie, I'm surprised at you
For trying to make fun of me,
By sending lines of poetry,
In pleasantness and levity.

We surely did enjoy the joke, By laughing loudly, and long;

The Christmas greetings we enjoyed, Together with your little song.

But Bertram said, "Tell Maggie dear! Her poetry is very good;

But nothing in it, can compare,.

To pudding, and roast duck, for food."

We love our Nanny goats—all three!

They're just as good, as good can be,
And we have trained them better than—

To run away, and leave our home.

Our Buddie cat, he is a dear,

He loves our home; and there's no fear—

That he will leave our hearth, or stray

Or wander 'round from day to day.

They would not call me "nasty names,"

Nor think me "fussy" for my pains;

For when I pet them one by one,

The lovelight in their eyes doth shine.

Dear Nanny's milk has made me fat,
And Buddie catches every rat;
And ne'er a mouse could there be found,
In our dear home, a lurking round.

And Bertie he, is good and true,
With hair of gray, and eyes of blue;
I would fuss, and fuss, and work again,
Just to be called, by his dear name.

The fussing and the work I do,

Provides me joy, the whole year through;
But we are older now than when,

In life's rosy morning, we first began.

The sunny side of life's hill, we've passed,

The apex, you know, cannot always last,

But as we descend, on the shady side,

Through, tempest, or sunshine, we always abide,

Closer! still closer; to the Master's side.

We thank you dear cousin, for your gifts, and poem, And again! if our Nannies and Buddies, should roam,

We'll just tell them to follow, the highway to Guelph, And their milk, so delicious, you may have for yourself.

We wish you a happy and joyous New Year,

That never a sorrow, in your lives may appear;
And should Nannies, and Buddie, come straying

along,

Please call us, and tell us, over the phone, That we may not go hunting, till the set of the sun.

Resentment

RESENTMENT, is a deadly thing, that saps the joy of life,

It turns the sweet to bitterness, and thus engender strife.

The brain, the blood, the heart, that beats, pulsating, through our veins;

Resentment, carries evil germs, that may cause blots, and stains.

A friend may speak unkindly words,

That have in them a sting;

The better way is just to let, them pass by on the wing; Never let them form a grudging, within your mind, or soul,

'Tis a weakness, that will injure you, And you may miss your goal.

There's nothing quite so sensitive, as a loving human heart,

And nothing that can hurt as much, as unkind words that smart.

Unless it be the grudge you hold, for what you deem an ill, Then you are carrying 'round the germs,

That weaken, mind and will.

"Forgive! and you shall be forgiven,"

'Tis better far that way,

'Twill bring you peace, and love, and joy, and rest; at close of day;

We pity most the ones who hug, a grudge, close to their hearts,

With fire, of ire, and passion, flashing from their eyes like darts.

It saps the power of reason, it destroys the finer sense,
Surrounds us with a loneliness, and darkness that is dense.
A very poor companion, tinging life with blue and gray.
When the clouds should all have linings, of bright colors,
good, and gay.

We all are prone to errors, to mistakes, to glib of tongue, Perhaps the harsh words spoken, have been forgotten long.

Oh! life's too short to hold a grudge, of resentment, for a wrong;

From friends, or foe, or neighbours, or a man, with scornful tongue.

The Influence of Books

STORIES are as old as the annals of time,
Appearing in prose, and sometimes in rhyme,
Some stories are clothed, in pure thoughts and fine
dress,

While others are sinister, and debasing, we'll confess.

Clean, wholesome, pure books, my finest friends are, There's nothing in them, to ruffle or jar, When troubl'd my spirit, they soothe and they rest, They leave a deep impress, which truly is blest.

O'er sea, and o'er land, we can travel with them, To the mountain's high peak, or through valley and glen, On the page, the great minds, of the earth do appear, The Author, the Poet, the Sage, and the Seer.

I need not be lonely, with nothing to do,
Make friends with my books, and them I pursue,
My books are not fiction, O no! I've no time,
My spare moments to waste, on falsehood and crime.
Books are like pictures, they leave an impress,
On the lives, and the fibre, of them that possess.

Our lives are oft' sullied, our destiny dim, Perverting our outlook, and driving a shim That shatter and pierce; thus taking deep hold, Of the heart, and the brain, and the character mold. I once knew a man, who was kindly and good, Began reading vile books, for his daily food, His mind how distorted, and hard grew his heart, Till the finer, and better, were seen to depart.

The substance, and essence, of those books in their train, Lodged within the man's mind; took firm root in his brain. Licentious, and vulgar, their insinuations took root, Inflaming the passion; giving place to the brute.

A short time ago, I scann'd over a book,
"A modern creation," here and there did I look.
The story is true, to the trend and the way,
The youth of our land, is traversing to-day.
"In an office, an elderly man with a maid,
Whose heart he had won, and whose life he'd gainsayed."

Reading that's low, and trashy, and mean,
Should at once be consign'd, to the stove, and the flame.
The trail of the serpent; his sting and his bite,
Was winding so stealthily; calling wrong right.

Woe! to the authors with eyes that are green, Woe! to the authors, with hearts that are mean! Lusting and craving, the virtue of youth! Disregarding the moral, and the spiritual truth!

There are many good books, in the world, we may read, Then why waste our time on the trashy, bad weed? Weed out the cheap, silly novels, the sham, That dark'n our intellect, and our characters damn. Why rake in the litter, of the cheap printing press? Turn you about, and make a redress; Spurn that is evil, and vile, and profane, Your life will grow stronger; and clearer your brain.

Modern civilization, hath its fruitage in books, Good books bear the fruits of knowledge That looks—
Like a ship heavy laden, with a cargo at sea.
Yet safely she sails, through tempests and gales.
Avoiding the shoals, and the rocks in her course.
She sails steadily, and safely, and anchors in port.

Memory

A richly colour'd gallery, of pictures we may see,
A changing panorama, of life on secret screen,
A dictograph within my brain, recording
All that's seen.

Things that have happened, years ago, and long forgotten are,

Like lightning flash, are they recall'd, or radio on the air, The church-bell chimes at eventide, in music sweet and clear,

And instantly I recollect—though many years have passed away—

Their sound to me so dear.

I may be talking to a friend, in conversation deep, When memory will lift the lid, and give to me a peep, Of something that transpired, yes! twenty years ago, It may perchance of happiness, or perchance a glint of woe.

Memory is a gallery, holding pictures of the past, Memory is a library, whose volumes we hold fast, Memory is a granary, holding bread for hunger's need; There's sowing and there's reaping, in beloved memory's seed.

Happy! thrice happy! are the children of the race, Who keep on memory's cherished walls, The beauty and the loveliness, of some pure mother's face; The vision of the lovelight, that shone within her eye, The tears that trickled down her cheek, as she bade her boy good-bye.

Our thoughts on record do remain, in the recess of the soul,

And aspirations flowing out, our being oft control; Enmity will hide away, in a secret chamber; still! A look or word, may bring it forth, in torrents of ill-will.

I don't believe! I won't believe!
"Dormant memories, are dead,"
For once reflecting in the mind,
'Tis like casting moulds in lead!
If we have grace, and faith, and love,
Sufficient to resist,
Our wills—and keep them under,
The impulse still remain.

In all their old-time power, they leap forth at a touch, It may be love, or hatred, or friendship, that is much, The soul is far more sensitive, than thoughts, or words, can pen;

A universe within itself; active in the minds of men.

Fearfully, and wonderfully, is the human body made, A weaving loom of woof, and warp, An art of light, and shade;

Sweet memory preserves her work, and tucks them all away,

Her records keep correctly, to bring forth some other day.

Hillis states, "that reason, has no creative skill,"
Memory makes no discoveries; it is not her work or will;
Imagination is the power, that works within the mind,
Making mountains out of mole-hills, or leaving troubles
far behind.

If we nurture pleasant memories, in our human banks of gold,

When youth has fled far from us, and we are growing old, A large account of happiness, we may draw upon at will, Something of greater value, than cash from any till.

He who gives his memory, no treasure to be stored, No garner fill'd with golden grain, on others to be pour'd, Will find life's fountain giving forth, water that is scant, No pent up stream, to overflow, to water tree or plant. I cherish thee, my memory, more than books of finest art!

I cherish thee, my memory, more than friends that may depart;

A friend that's true and faithful, you have always been to me,

One to whom I look continually, for the thoughts that come to me.

Thoughts both new, and old, I bring forth,
From my treasury, in my mind;
I'm careful! O, so careful! of the color and the kind,
A rich endowment given us, from a hand that is Divine,
A kingdom, and a heritage, within the human mind.

Composed January 31, 1933.

Copied for the St. George's Bazaar, and given as a number on the programme November 16, 1933.

Misunderstood

YE'VE learned the cruel meaning of the word "misunderstood,"

We've tried to live above it, to seek the pure and

good:

A stranger in a stranger's land-Our weary feet have trod, And the secret depths of life to us— By them cannot be read.

Misunderstand our meaning, of a word we fain would say, Misunderstand the measure of the pain it cost "each day." Our fainting strength, cries out to-day that we may-live to see,

Those dark misunderstandings, "forever" cleared away.

Knowing we are so human, so prone to err, in speech, "But we stand for truth and honour,"

Its lovely power to preach.

We scorn the hand, that's held to us professing to be true; True friendship how we love it; although our friends be few.

Misunderstood, so many times when in a simple way, We try to catch the meaning, of the cruel thorns, that sway,

And pierce our lonely, throbbing breast, "Throughout the livelong day." Then peace flows in; and scatters the cruel—

"Thorns away."

Our lives would be so happy if 'twere not for this dark cloud,

"But if it all were sunshine, and no dark days allowed"— We would never know, the strength that's ours—

But wrap around the shroud-

And draw the death line closer, and by its weight be bow'd, And ne'er expand in growing worth,

Or knowledge thus avowed.

Make not life a misty vapor, condensed, "In blacking cloud,"

But raise thy standard higher, and cast away,

The proud—

Mistaken thoughts of others; Let them die amidst the crowd.

I do not think that we are called, to make a
Bosom friend—

"Of every passing stranger, not even if they trend"—
To be a close relation: perchance if ne'er a blend—
Of mutual trust, or confidence shines out,
To wind—or wend—
Our daily paths more closely,
And consolation send.

May, 1908.

A Look Into Life

JUST take a long look, into life my friends,
And tell me what there canst thou see?
There's trials, and troubles, that many ways trend,
"To bring out the best, that's in you and me."

If life were all sunshine, and never a cloud, How selfish our natures would grow; Our thoughts how magnus, wasteful and proud, And ne'er give a place, to the humble and low.

But into each life, some sorrow will steal, "Like many an unbidden foe,"
And our plans, like a vessel, will tumble and reel, When the waves of adversity flow.

There's many a nature, stalwart and strong, With talent, and genius combine, Whose strength would have lain, dormant, "All their life long," So narrow so crush'd, and confin'd.

But into their lives, "a great sorrow came,"
That blighted, and blasted their hopes,
And the cold waves, swept onward like torrents,
That rush down, the mountain side slopes.

Then moving bewilder'd, like one in a dream,
Just only half conscious of life.
Oh! shall they stem upward, or down with the stream,
Which way will it be "midst the strife?"

The noble and best, the highest and good, Is often call'd forth, from a bleeding heart crush'd, By rich prospects failing; yet valiant they stood, And by undaunted courage, to victory they push'd.

When the merits of honour, are called for the race, And the rich, and the poor, the haughty and meek, Together shall mingle, and each find a place. "Then honesty's glory" with "radiance shall speak."

And the beauty of truth, shall flame out like a star, The laggard and sluggard, their chances bewail; When alas! "'tis too late," and they see from afar, That appliance is needed, to make our ship sail.

God bless the workers, who're faithful and true, Ne'er shirking their duty, for pleasure and pelf. "Success shall be granted, to many or few," Whose intellects rise, to conquer themselves. For self is the barrier, to many a height, Crowning only the "Brave," in the battle of life.

Vancouver, British Columbia, December, 1908.

Come Little Birdie

OME little birdie! come sing to me,
Sitting out there, in that snow clad tree,
Sing me a song, this cold wintry day;
It may help to drive, dull care away.

Come little birdie! come sing to me,

Preening your feathers out there in the tree:
You don't belong to the songster tribe!

For you are a sparrow, I have spied.

Come little sparrow! come talk to me,

Tell me your secret, if any there be?

Staying out, in the snow, the whole winter long,

You twitter, and chatter, but never a song.

You're a brave little birdie, but greedy and bold,
Folk call you a "nuisance" I've plainly been told.
A pest, and a fighter, yet your nature is tame;
You congregate in winter; round houses and lanes.

On the ground, and in bushes, you make your wee nest, Kitty oft' finds them, and gives you no rest.

Little brown sparrow, you're hunted, and shot, The people of Canada, loveth you not. I understand, why? you ne'er have a song,

Your troubles are many, and have been for long; You live through the storms; you hide in the gale;

In the springtime, you're happy, and joyous and hale.

Dear little sparrow your secret I know,

Sitting out there, on that bough, in the snow!

The Duck-billed Platypus

ATURE has stated decisive and strong,
That being, of one kingdom, to another, we cannot belong!

It has been proven, and known to be true,
If they cross the "blood once," no farther they go.
Yet the duck-billed platypus, of Australia is known,
To have strangely violated this code, it is shown.
"Water-mole" it is called by the men, who reside,
And have dwellings near; where the platypus abide.

A beaver it resembles, in its body and form,
Is flat-billed, webbed feet, and has claws, like a duck;
Its fur, like the beaver, is fine, soft and long;
It lays eggs much smaller, than those of a hen.
Long tunnels it burrows, this earth's strangest creature;
Swimming out of the water, where it makes their home quarters.

Which are burrowed ingeniously, into the banks, Showing cunning, and skill, among their strange ranks. In his strange living quarters, two outlets are seen; One above, one below, the bed of the stream. The burrow consists, of many halls, and dark rooms. It doesn't matter a whit, if the sun, and the moon, Aren't reflecting their light, in this quaint little home.

The platypus lays her eggs, which numbers just two, Three quarters of an inch long, by half an inch through— In a nest roughly constructed, those small eggs are laid, In one of the tunnels, and hatched like a bird.

In water it lives, and with its forefeet it swims;
Makes a low growl, like a pup, when aroused, or in danger;
This strange freak of nature, in its habits noctural;
It nurses its young, thus to the duck is a stranger,
Has a spur an inch long, reaching out, and up, like a rooster's.

Leading to a large gland, in this spur, is a channel—Which ejects out poison, both odious, and harmful. Thus another feature, in this strange mammal doth make, Which likens it unto, the fang of a snake.

No teeth has this creature in its mouth, or beak;
Horny ridges are used, its food to prepare.
Like a monkey, or chipmunk, in both cheeks are pouches;
Where this chap may secret, the food that he gathers.
To be eaten leisurely, when the duck-bill swims out
Of his water domain; into his living quarters.
This cunning strange complex, has acute sense of smell.
Worms, insects, and shellfish, it procures at great depth;
Many feet under water, and many inches of mud.

Its sense of smell is so strong, making it so wary,
Thus a difficult problem, for man to descry it.
Its argus-eyed nature, so wonderfully endowed;
Keep it hidden under water; or in its tunnel enshroud:
If this platypus you catch, when life's tender and young,
I believe a strangely, great pet 'twill become;
Coming out of its burrows, or from under the water;
Answering at once the call of its master.

This composite creature, is a home loving fellow,
A very hard worker, when he is making his burrow,
He plays tag like a beaver, or a well trained canine.
He dodges, and hides, and queer manoeuvre can feign,
Down a muddy bank, he will slide, like a schoolboy or
churl;

Slip into the water, with a dip and a swirl.
Fighting those of his kind, with a zeal, and a zest,
If they come nigh to intrude, on his home, or his nest.

They are both very fond, of their kith, and their kin, Escorting them on land, and wherever they swim.

This strangely compound, or quartette of nature,
Is now very rare, where it is a native.

The animal, the reptile, the fish, and the bird,
Are created together in this, "freak of nature."

A freak of nature it certainly is, yet brings forth of its kind,
Which proves beyond doubt, co-habit, there was none;
Or intermingling, among those four species.

To show forth God's work, the platypus exists; to confound and confuse,

Magniloquent man; to bring to naught, the theories, that claim,

"That these things are of nature, and may happen any time."

January 8, 1932.

Little Birdie

H list! to the birdie, out there in the hawthorne, Singing its praise, in a carolling song, Hark! to its mate, it is sweetly singing—
Telling his love, at the break of the morn.

Oh list! there's a chorus of birdies now singing! The air is resonant, with their thrilling sublime, Awake from their slumber, they're greeting the morning, Before they depart, from the hedge, and the vine.

How inspiring their message, warbling, and quivering, On the air—in the blush of the newly born day; They're bringing their worship, before their Creator, And when they have finished, they each fly away.

My heart you do gladden! my life you do brighten! With joy that was hush'd, in the shroud of the night; My spirit reviving, I imbibe the sweet nectar, Of worship; and gird me again for the fight.

January 25, 1932.

Platonics

Arm in arm they wended their way. They talked of the sun, the moon and the stars,

And all the planets; yes even Mars.

They talked of the pulpit, the press, and the schools,
Of the brook that is running, and stagnant pools. Of
society's aims—

And society's laws. How husbands are martyrs, and wives—

Are their maws.

Their spirits were joyful, and happy and free,
But the heart is deceitful, as we plainly shall see.
They talked of the movies, the actress' and stars,
Of their freedom; their fame; as they hung o'er the bars—
They talked of the meadows, the flowers, the trees.
Of the birds in their branches, the balm of the breeze.
And looking around, they saw to their right,
A hen with her chickens, all speckled and bright.

She scratched, and she clucked, and she called to her brood,

To partake of the seeds, and the worms for their food, With pride in her eyes, she looked up at the pair: To take note of her chicks, as they ran here and there. A hawk came swirling, and swooped for a chick, But the love of the mother, was instant and quick. And spreading her wings, with a clarion call, The small feathered youngsters, ran there like a ball.

She hovered and petted, and chuckled, and cooed—
The proudest young mother, that ever was wooed.
Her life was so full of love, for her kind,
That it caused those platonics, to quickly change their mind,

For Jack, looked at Susie, his face all aglow, "That hen's object lesson has felled me a blow.

And a sweet inspiration, has crept into my heart."

"That this life was not given, as Plato's retort;
But God has intended, His creatures to wed.
I would give my last copper, to feel like that hen,
And spread out my arms, to my own kith and kin.
The castles I long, have built high, in the air,
Have tumbled and fallen: my life's lone and bare—
I long for a home, and I yearn for a bride,
And to see children scamper, around at my side."
As a pair of Platonics, we've sailed in the air,
And we've missed the green verdure, that grows everywhere.

So let it be settled, as fast as we can,
If you think that your life can be lived with a man."
And Susie looked up, all blushes, and smiles,
And said "Dearest Jack, my heart was beguiled;
As I watched that old hen, like a mother so true,
I saw my whole life, in a vision anew.
My heart's all fluttering, I'll say 'yes' here and now;
And before Parson Jones, I'll give you my vow."

"I'll be true to my word; I'll be faithful and kind; And this delusion forever, put away from my mind; I'll gird on my armour, and buckle it tight, And ask for the wisdom, to do what is right. I'll brush and I'll clean, our snug little home, And cease to spend time, with the stars and the moon. My life lived so empty, so shallow, so bare, My heart longs to respond, to your love, and your care." "Then Susie, my darling, make ready your dress, And I'll see the parson, and to him I'll confess, That we've grown weary, with science, and art, That Plato's cold friendship, has made weary our hearts. Instead of magnanimous flights in the air, We'll stay on terra-firma, and be a sane pair. There's nought to compare, with the commonplace life, When a man's discovered, he needs a good wife. So parson I request you, our nuptials to tie, For Plato's Platonics, don't suit, Susie and I.

April 11, 1923.

Prohibition

THE forces of Satan, have marshall'd their hosts, They are sweeping America, from coast to coast; Old Satan is working, in men overtime, With deception, intrigue, and falsehood combin'd.

Millions are living, in poverty and need, While the forces of righteousness, are trying to feed, And clothe the worthy, to keep death from their door, Yet! the whiskey, and beer, and wine, is outpour'd.

This Goliath of evil, is sweeping our land,
He laughs, and he mocks, at the churches' weak stand;
"Would you dare, to come out 'gainst so valiant a foe!
And tell to the world, I bring nothing but woe?"

This world and its kingdoms, are mine to control,
The lives, and the acts, of my people in whole;
I deceive, and I flatter, my bondage is hidden,
Till my victims I rob; who, to my banquets are bidden.

The wine sparkles lovely, so crystal, so clear, My victims are blind, to its allurements I fear, I bring down the mighty; from off their proud seat, I dress them in tatters; and make no retreat. I reach out a hand; "hail good fellows to meet."
But at last I drag down, to the gutter and street.
I strip them of honour, of wealth, and of worth,
Who follows my train, lead to death and remorse.

I laugh as I see, this grim army pass by,
They have all been deceived, by the wink of my eye.
Strong manhood I rob, of honour and strength,
And leave them a wreck, of their lust, and their stench.

If just their first glass, I can get them to quaff, Of their strength, and will-power, I truly can laugh; For the power of evil, so strong in the blood, In a short period of time, can ne'er be withstood.

I laugh and I joke, with the maidens I meet, I deprive them of virtue, take the blush from their cheek, And when that inviolate robe, is torn off.

They plunge downward to hell, on that ghastly road, "rough."

To take your first glass, is a dangerous thing, No one ever intended, a drunkard's full fling— Would come to their lives, in one innocent drink.

But at last it led on, to destruction's black brink— Temporary insanity, is in the drunkard's dull brain; But he thinks he's the wisest, and the sanest of sane, These maudling fools, in their babble and froth, As they stagger along, to their doom, and their death. Take a look at this army, as it meanders along, There's the rich, and the poor, the brave and the strong; All plodding along, to the time and the tune, Of lives that are wasted, and blasted full soon.

God give us a David, with a smooth stone in his hand,
To come out against this giant, and take a firm stand;
If the church of our God would take hold, and give lead,
It wouldn't be long, 'till the serpent's strong head,
Would be overthrown; and cast down to the bottomless
pit.

And our militant church, in great victory would sit, Enthroned, in her rightful place, in this world; And her banner of righteousness, gloriously unfurl'd.

But as long as she sits, in a weak passive mood, Letting evil ride triumphantly, over the GOOD, Folding her arms, and looking placently on, David's victory, over Goliath will never be won.

Rise up! then rise up! living church of our God,
Take a smooth stone, from the brook, and God's WORD
in your hands,

Humble yourself in his sight, give God the command, Strike the Philistine, in the forehead, and not long will he stand.

June 5, 1933.

Billy, My Kitty!

H! Billy, my kitty, is dead I fear,
Oh Billy! my kitty! my kitty!
I have called! and called! but no answer I hear,
Oh Billy! my kitty!

He ran to the mill, in a wobbling trot,
And I heard him moan, as he did it,
But little I thought, there was danger fraught,
In the life of my lovely black kitty.

He was such a dear! and we loved him so;
In the mornings, after eating his breakfast;
He would make a dart, and upstairs he would go,
Would stand in the door, and mew! and mew!
And keep on, until I would say, "My nice Billy."

Sometimes he would jump up, unto my bed,
And purring his song, would peep into my face,
And mew in a way, that was saying "I'm fed,"
"Will you let me lie down?" and give me a place?"

Often purring, fussing, he would lie at my feet,
Contented and happy, and we two would sleep,
And when I had dres'd, and my toilet complete,
And say "Come now Billy," to his feet he would leap.

I loved his green eyes, and his shining black coat,
And Billy loved me, there is no doubt about that;
He asked for his milk, for on milk, all cats dote—
Then he'd mew out his "thank you" to my loving pat.

Billy caught mice, and my Billy caught rats,
Billy caught sparrows, when he wanted a treat—
And then he was the proudest, and happiest of cats,
Often springing unto my knee, when he wanted a seat.

The house is so lonely, without our black pet,

He got trapped in the mill, when he was a kitten—
We thought we had lost him; and worried and fret,

But finally we discovered, where he was asittin'.

With a man from the mill, one day he went home,
And our hearts were sad, heavy laden;
Three weeks had passed by, and my Billy still gone,

But finally we found, where he was stationed.

But now he is dead! thoughts have taken that trend,

He rests under the mill, for the silence is mute,

He was only a cat! but yet a true friend!

And his love for us both, we shall never confute.

March 28, 1930.

March

H March! you're such a fickle month, you cannot that dispute,

Just like a fickle lover, with two maidens, in the bout,

You change your mind, you twist and turn,

Then your winds break loose, and churn,

The snow and storm, the maidens cheeks you cause to burn,

By making love to her in turn, then weep and howl, And moan and sigh.

And bitter tears drop from your eye, as you repentant scowl.

The bushes, and the trees, you coat with lovely crystal ice, They glisten in the sunlight, as their branches bow so nice; You gloss, the meadows over, with a crust that's all your own,

And the telephone and radial poles, your wild caprice bemoan.

You twist the children's clothes about, as they hurry off to school,

And then you'd have us all believe, in March's golden rule.

You tan our face, and slap our cheeks, you've no respect for us!

For they who venture forth, must brave, your pranks without a fuss;

Oh! your a coquet, and a flirt, so full of whims, and fawn;

You change your mind, pervert your ways, from evening until dawn.

Sometimes your sunset's flaring red; portentous of a storm,

And just so surely does it come, and mostly true to form.

If your first appearance is a smile, and meek just like a lamb,

Soon you can change your sunny smile, and butt just like a ram;

I'm glad you're just one cycle, in the forming of a year,

And that your coming tells us, the gladsome springtime's near;

The snow, and slush, you bring us, the gusty winds, and rain;

They scurry round our hamlet, and dash against the pane.

We're all so glad, we have a home, where the fires are burning bright,

With love, and cheer, and all good will, to welcome with delight,

While outside, the storm is raging, in the darkness of the night.

March, 1931.

Christmas Bells

VER the hills, and far away,

The Christmas bells are ringing:

Shepherds are tending their flocks again,

And the angel choir is singing.

"To God, be glory, on high," rings out,
Clearly on the midnight air,
"Peace on earth—good will to men,"
Is resounding everywhere.

Wise men are coming again from afar,
Following the lead, of the guiding star,
Pouring their gifts of frankincense,
Let nothing their worship mar.

Ring out the year, of troubleous time,
Of burdens that's hard to bear,
Ring out the song of the unemployed,
May it vanish on the air.

Sweet Christmas bells, ring in good cheer, Bid sorrow, and sighing depart; May there be none hungry, far or near, On our blessed Christmas chart. The King of Peace, is watching o'er, The good-will offerings given, His mercy sent, from door to door, Is a foretaste here of Heaven.

Over the hills and far away,

Let the Christmas bells keep ringing,
Ring on joyously all the year,

Peace and prosperity bringing.

December 23, 1933.

The New Year 1934

NOTHER New Year is proclaimed at midnight,
Standing at the threshold; peeping inside the
door;

Seeing in swaddling clothes, a white clad infant, For the "new babe, just born," we'll name 1934.

In travail of birth, it sounds forth on the air, In a wild cry of delight, it bursts forth in my heart; A new year is come, what! oh what shall it bear? Of joy, or of sorrow; to a depressed world; impart? We hail you with gladness, yet with many a fear!
We're hoping, and trusting, more sunshine you'll bring;
That to the lives of much people, you may bring them
good cheer,

Whereas they've been sorrowing; you may cause them to

sing.

May the lowering clouds, with their tempest and rain, Disperse from our horizon; their forebodings far fling. Let mercy, and gladness, with sobriety, benign, Gladly cover the landscape like the sweet flowers in spring.

May the past four years, in oblivion be cast, With their nightmare, of misery, and poverty, and need; Grant that all we remember, from their fierce stormy blast, Is the love we have given, and the good we may plead. May the lessons of purity, and strength, we have learn'd, Be enshrin'd in our hearts, that we may never forget, If still foolish we be, and their memory be spurn'd, Greater hardships, than these, may be realized yet.

Let us be happy, and joyful, and glad,
With a sense of benediction, hovering o'er our head;
This new year though youthful, may not be as bad;
Though it's sure to have sorrow, and bury its dead.
There's a rift in the path; of adversity's cloud,
And the rainbow of promise, that never can fail;
The darkness of night, in its thinly wrapp'd shroud,
Shall disperse, as the first rays of sunlight o'er it prevail.
1934 as to manhood you grow,
May the best things of earth, in your cup overflow.

January 2, 1934.

To my Dear Sister, Mrs. Fred Forshee, on the attainment of her seventieth birthday, Flint, Mich.

EAR Sister of mine, with your silver-white hair,
Congratulations to you, may this little poem bear;
Your life has been spared to see your 70th year,
The span allotted to mortals, by a kind Father, so dear.
Like many other travellers, along life's rugged road,
You've had both joys, and sorrows, to enter your abode;
But the lot of the "pilgrim," is to keep plodding on,
Be the life lived in brevity! or never so long!

So I greet you with joy, on this glad natal day,
Hoping that no shadow, shall e'er cross your bles't way.
But that in your heart, may be joy, deep, and serene,
Fellowship with your Saviour, nothing doubting between.
Though you are denied, nature's privilege to walk,
You may commune with your Master, each day you may
talk.

Three years and a half, your life has been spared, Since this affliction has fallen, and Christ's suffering you've shared. Though, the power to walk, has not come back to your life, Be obedient, and patient, forgetting, worry and strife; Through these come perfection, and the image of him; Who gave his life freely, as an offering for sin.

If the spirit of him, who raised Christ from the dead, Abideth in us, through faith, in the blood, that he shed. "Of the life that now is," we have the promise through him,

And of that which is 'hereafter,' we eternally win.

My dear Sister, take comfort, with this message of truth, It's so lovely, and joyful, it reneweth our youth; On wings like the eagle, shall we mount upward, and fly, And the city celestial, shall we view with our eye. Neither sorrow, nor crying, nor sickness, nor pain; Shall enter that city, or there ever remain. Back to earth, these frail bodies we give, But our bodies immortal, forever shall live.

Our life's just a vapour, that passeth away,
A dream, and a vision, that ne'er with us doth stay;
So lay up your treasure, in the kingdom above;
Where there is no envy, and all is pure love.
The distress, and perplexity, that come to us here,
We have the assurance, shall not trouble us there;
I rejoice with you Sister, that you have been spared,
Three score years and ten! and not badly you've fared.

And though you must sit, in your large easy chair,
I hope that contentment, may remain with you there;
Contentment, with Godliness, is great earthly gain,
Which helps us to smile, in both sunshine, and rain.
Just let go of this world, with its vain empty show,
Keep your mind on "The invisible," which we hereafter
shall know.

May the God of all peace, give you grace, in that chair, Till our Bridegroom, shall come, and we meet in the air.

Not many years now, dear Sister have we,
To live in this world; no matter, how happy we be;
Let the years, and the months, and the moments fly past,
We know with all surety, we'll reach HOME at last.
Just let your light shine, for the Master, while here,
Do all to 'His glory,' and you need have no fear.
And if yet a few years, you must live in this clime,
Just leave it with Jesus, and wait his own time.

'Tis those whom he loves, that he chasteneth sore,
We know that the chastening, is oft'times hard to bear;
But after it's over, and the suffering has pass'd,
An eternal weight of glory, it revealeth at last.
If Christ should come 'now,' or a thousand years hence,
We know that for us, he's our certain defense;
I write this to cheer you, and more courage to give,
That your 'faith,' may grow stronger, as long as you live.
And from your loving Sister Maggie, my blessing I give.

Hannon, Ontario, February 2, 1934.

The River

SIT on the edge of the river's bank, and watch the stream flow by,

Light clouds are drifting overhead, and the sun is shining high.

The currents they eddy, here and there, as the river courses on,

The glistening waters are rippling past, to the land of the great beyond.

Along its sands, are the course of life, where millions, of mortals had tread;

Their footprints, may linger, along its banks, but they're number'd among the dead.

This mighty river keeps forging on, bearing its sons away:

It is making room, for the race unborn, that shall tread

here another day.

Many travellers are sitting, beside this stream, in the evening time of life,

Waiting the boat-man's oars to see, that shall end this earthly strife.

I see the throngs, that are floating past, like dead fishes down the stream,

They are sailing on, to the ocean's depths, and shall never return again.

Ever and anon, they're passing by, this motley, milling crowd,

Some are there, in the prime of life, and others old and bow'd.

The infant of days are passing there, and beautiful children with golden hair;

And rosy-cheeked maidens, in the bloom of youth,

This river of 'styx,' did their feet ensnare.

And gallant, youths, whose hopes were high, came dashing past in the stream nearby;

Youthful lives, cut off, from the river's bank, and swept down by its current, so dark, and dank.

I cried to the winds, O! how can this be, this surging multitude, borne onward to sea?

The rustling winds; through the leaves on the trees; just scamper'd away in frolicsome glee.

I asked of the rocks, 'nature's bulwark of time,' pray tell me why mortals must be thus borne along?

Is there no other way, of escape from this world?

Than this gateway of death, for the weak, and the strong?

The echoing rocks, sent a challenge afar, that rang out like thunder, upon the still air;

The way unto life, is by this river of death, its waters are waiting, all mortals to bear.

If its chilly waves, pass not over your head, the LIFE that's hereafter, shall never be gained.

All things, in primitive nature, must die; that the higher life, coming to them be assigned.

February 2, 1934.

My Blue-Eyed Husband

AM simply bubbling over, as I sit and write to-night,
Thirty years of happy wedlock, is my portion and
my right,

O'er life's sea, we've sailed together, Edgar Ethelbert, and I,

And our barque has ne'er capsized us, while the fleeting years passed by.

My husband's hair is fleck'd with silver, while I have threads amongst the brown,

We've toiled, and labour'd on together, and tried to work, without a frown.

We've trod the straight line, path of duty, and love to live within our home;

Where peace, and happiness now reigneth, and the joy that's all our own.

He's my 'darling, blue-eyed, husband,' eyes as honest as they're blue.

Has he faults? oh yes! I venture, but they're petty, and they're few.

We have sailed o'er cold adversity, with its sullen hateful grip,

But the sorrows that it brought us, ne'er o'erturned our fateful ship.

We turned our faces to the sunrise, seeking help, from him who leads,

Who is present with us always; Who gives strength for all our needs.

- "Sometimes cast down, but not forsaken," our ship would rise upon the crest—
- Riding the waves, with courage bravely; faith springing up, within our breast.
- We labour on, and love together; avoiding the things that are impure;
- We rise to higher, nobler, service; trusting in things that shall endure.
- And when we cuddle down to rest us; hand clasp'd in hand, what peace to know—
- I lay my head upon his shoulder, and rest content, the dark night through.
- Happy! yes happy, in each other; we live within our little nest,
- And try to help all those around us, who are not (perhaps) so greatly bless'd.
- Giving out a cheerful message; try to comfort all that mourn,
- Try to cheer the lonely hearts that, across our pathway may be borne.
- The Master calls sometimes to see us, but disguised, in lovely form;
- Sometimes hungry, sometimes thirsty, sometimes weary, worn and lone.
- Some, cast down, greatly discouraged; the burden seems too hard to bear,
- 'Tis then we pour the oil of gladness, and our brother's sorrow share.

Our day of usefulness is passing; but we hope while life may last,

May we be found, still serving faithfully, e'er the evening

time has passed,

Holding fast our faith, and mission, to give out, the best we know,

In the morning, scatter kindness; and at eve—cease not to sow;

For we know not this or other, may take root, and firmly grow.

I hope our lives may prove a blessing, to pour in oil, and soothing balm,

To lend a heart, and ear, to sorrow, to bid the troubled waters calm.

To listen to the tale of anguish, that bursts forth, from feeble lips,

Bid them cast aside, despondence, see not the sun in dark eclipse,

Just let us help a brother! sister! as we pass along our way, For our life, at very longest, is but a vapor, and a spray.

March 8, 1934.

Prosperity

E sow the seed within the soil, then wait the harvest yield,

And oft'times cultivate the ground, by passing o'er the field;

Sometimes our labour's well repaid, sometimes it's all in vain;

Faith resting in the heart of man, repeats the work again.

And when abundant harvest comes, in field, and vine, and tree,

Prosperity's sun doth brightly shine, and blithe the busy bee,

Our hopes are high, our hearts are glad, there's music in the air,

Glad faces wear a sunny smile; joy greets you everywhere. There's music ringing in the air, as only music can, When nature pours abundant store, into the lap of man.

Bright flowers bloom profusely, along the garden hedge, The hyacinth, and roses, abounding on the ledge, Their fragrance, and aroma, they scatter far and wide; Co-mingle with sweet-scented hay, upon the mountain side. The beets, and carrots, crowding out, each other in the row,

The 'taters filling fast the pail, as Betty wields the hoe.

No bugs or pests, to eat the greens, the spinach, and the chard,

Sheep, hogs, and cattle, they abound; and chickens in the yard.

When times are prosperous, and the clouds, are pouring down their rain,

A tuneful song, is in our heart, no room for sad refrain.

The wheels are humming, in the mill, the looms are weaving fast,

O foolish ones, perhaps we think, these times will always last!

In nature there are storms, and calms, there's sunshine, and there's rain;

And cycle, follows cycle, around the earth again.

So we must look for adverse times, as well as bounteous store;

Be wise! and live the simple life, not lusting after more; True life, doth not consist, my friend, in the abundance we possess;

But in that inner life, which rests, within the souls recess.

I've seen the world just brimming o'er, with plenty, and with peace;

When suddenly the clouds would burst, and there would be released—

A time of hardship, and distress, when bread was hard to earn,

And people wondering "what next," and knew not where to turn.

The haughty then were made to bow, discard their looks of scorn;

The self-exalted were brought low, they worshipped not their form,

The line of de-markation went, with rich as well as poor, And they would talk, together oft', as ne'er had done before.

We heap the fuel on the fire, to keep the flame aglow, So we must feed our intellect, if we would have them grow.

April 10, 1934.

Our Political Polyglot

It reaches from ocean, to ocean's salt tide;
We see a vast army, of color, and race,
Marching along; but they don't keep pace!
Some are walking uprightly, and straight,
While others step, in a swaggering gait.
In the Democratic army, that's marching along,
There's the good, and the evil; the weak, and the strong.

Some elections are called a "great landslide!"
Piling up victory, for the other side.
But if our vision, is serving us right,
Democracy may put Canada, in a sorry plight!
Too many who, on a public platform doth stand;
Putting under cover, deceitful hands,
And lead loyal people, with hearts aflame,
To believe they are playing, an honest game.

Time was, when our leaders, were staunch and true, Playing the game fairly, the people then knew; But Canada, allowing parties: three, four and five, Coming in, to make trouble, in our political hive. Too many opinions, of the wrong color, and kind, Make a conglomerate state, in the commonplace mind. Little wonder! that our ship of state's coursing, Toward the rocks, and the shoals, when parties are forcing, In coercion controlling; the public mind.

Better start to unseat, at the foot of the ladder,
We would advise these sons, of disloyalty's colour;
The confidence of loyal conservatives, and liberals too,
Are not composed, of this temper or hue.
A square deal for all, in this our fair land;
Nothing sinister; or menial; as we understand,
Shall rise to rule over, our beloved Domain;
Liberty's banner is flying; and shall ever remain.

When traitors, or rebels, in our Canada fair,
Rise up trying to control, in our highest chair;
And showing so plainly, without any doubt,
Our most loyal citizens, they would give, the shunt out;
A leader whose vision's almost blind, and so dim;
Is not sufficiently enthusiastic, our courage to win;
We look for more wisdom, than the loud braying voice,
Throughout our Dominion; more than just noise!
Who sit, to rule over, a people whose mind,
Is trained in "High Honour," to God and our King.

Rise up! loyal citizens, to put this thing down!
That would tear down our bulwarks, in country or crown;
This sinister power, that would work, under hand.
Is too small, and too mean, to rule over our land.
Many votes polled in "Honour," are scorning such thing,
See a vicious undercurrent, beneath this dark stream;
No matter the current, or from whence come its HEAD,
Our Dominion by rebels shall never be led.

Our forefathers gave, of their best, and their blood,
To put down all foes, whom their Liberty withstood;
Their blood cries to us, brightly red, from the ground,
"Overturn every 'traitor,' wherever they're found."
Put down disloyalty, wherever its head, it may raise,
It's a dangerous thing, to court it, or praise—
A power, determined to bring revolt, in its train,
To tear down our institutions, or make liberty to wane;
Our Canada! never give place to your foes,
It means only, "Civil and religious liberty goes."

Keep our Union Jack flying, high on our towers,
Only then may we live, content, in our bowers,
Who would tamper, with constitution, or crown,
Would dare, to make disturbance, by putting them down,
Is glaringly hypocritical, intriguing, and cheap;
And by their false action, they surely shall reap.
Put a beggar on horseback, and straightway he'll ride,
On the road to destruction, with a goad by his side.

In public life, there are things, we despise;
A man, or a woman, coming out in disguise:
Leading the people, one thing to believe;
When deep down in their hearts, they intend to deceive.
I have seen this thing working, since I was a child,
A political menace, that at one time, was mild;
But now it has risen, to a mountain so high,
That it threatens to darken, the sun in our sky.
This monster, that's striding boldly, over our land;
Must be put down shortly, with a very firm hand.

Of communism, and socialism, we're now troubling about, They're an element composed, of egotism, and shout; They talk of their theory; coercion; and heaven on earth, Sane people, know very well, they can't give it birth. But deception, that would rule, with a false oily tongue, Beware of their party, wherever it's found. Honesty's the best policy, to depend on to win, Deception is defeated, before it begins.

To our dear loving people, who live peaceably and quiet, People who desire not, to take any part in a riot, When creatures, of this kind, believe, they can tear down—British laws, that for centuries, have been dearly won. A gentleman, a patriot, a statesman, 'no!' never, On any consideration—would try them to sever! Honest voters don't place, any man in our chair, To haul down our flag; and British laws to ignore; Truth, honour, and justice, is what we demand, And folk with red blood, in their veins to command.

June 23, 1934.

The Homing Pigeon

HOMING pigeon, flew into our yard,
Hungry, tired, and looking for food,
We gave him wheat, oats, and bread to eat,
The dear little chap, picked it fast at our feet.

A dish of water, we gave him to drink,

He thanked us kindly, with a nod, and a wink,

Then looking around, for a place to retreat,

Straight to the garage, walked his nimble feet.

Looking around, he espied a place,
And flew thereon, with bird-like grace;
On his perch sitting down, prepared to stay there,
Thanking us kindly for his bed, and his fare.

We took him down, from his perch to see— If a band, or a code, on his legs might be!

On one leg, a red rubber band around, And 384 on it, we found.

An aluminum band, encircling the right,
A code, we found, printed plainly, and bright,
C, h, u, 33—with a dot, and a line;
And 11-99-2, on that leg did we find.

Assuring ourselves, he was somebody's treasure,
Back on the roost we put him, with pleasure,
Saying good-night! to our cute little guest,
And closing the door, we left him to rest.

When the sun had risen, homey was ready,
His breakfast to swallow, and continue his journey,
And taking the wing, mounting high in the air,
Southward he flew, to his home roost there.

I wonder if homey, will come again?

When he's tired, and hungry needing a friend?

We'll surely be kind to our feather'd guest,

Should he come this way, to our home to rest.

June 11, 1934.

Great Britain

REAT BRITAIN steadily, pursues her course,
Forging along in the way of truth,
Following not in the way of those,
Who would her Crown and her laws abuse,
Protecting the weak, encouraging the strong,
Our Mother of Parliaments, sails along.

Great is her name, throughout the whole earth, Greater it shall be, concurrent in strength; The gates of her enemies, she shall possess, Because she reigneth in true righteousness. Her enemies' gates, shall be open to her; Her prestige, and honour, in peace or in war.

Many tempestuous storms, has she risen above, With colours still flying, high, at her mast head; When all seemed but loss; and her people were sad; By an Invisible power, she truly was led, Like a comet, or meteor, shining forth in their line, Great Britain's possessions, we cannot define.

Never before, in the world had been known, A nation with "GREAT" attached to its throne. But "it is written" in words true and plain, That this word "Great," shall be assigned to her name. Turn backward to ages, and epochs, long past, Where the mind of the Spirit revealed to the sage; A nation would rise, whose name would be "Great," Commanding, and controlling, in majestic estate. Ruling, and reigning, in compositeness.

Let her enemies pound, and slander, and rage, Oft' times wondering why, old Gibraltar don't break? Great Britain's as strong, as that rock in the sea, Her honour, and power, predestined, shall stand; Great Britain is 'Great' because of her place, In sacred and secular history.

The king over all beasts, the lion impersonates;
Think you, that marks, Great Britain by chance?
He's emboss'd on her banners, representing her standard.
This strong lion of Judah's tribe, ne'er shall be overthrown.

"The Invisible Creator, renewed his covenant with David, Saying truly thy throne, forever shall stand, And never a man, shall ye lack, to sit on it, As long as the earth in her orbit shall run, Your seed in their generations, shall always possess it, I, the Lord have spoken it, and it shall surely be done."

July, 1934.

German Kultur

HARK! I hear a message 'tis sounding near and far.
'Tis thundering in the cannon—around the zone of war;

It spreads its blacking pinions, and soars o'er earth and sea;

And trusts in evil, working, to set its people free.

It revels in the life-blood, of our best, our noblest sons,
Its name is "German Kultur," linked to Austria and Huns.
Its father is the "Evil One," who has raged, since time
began,

To try to gain 'Dominion,' over earth, and sea, and land.

It swoops down on its victims, with the withering hand of death,

In belching out foul gasses, to choke our free men's breath.

It trusts in force, and armour, to do its deadly work;

And the place of "No-man's-land" is strewn—

Hark! it is the moans of dying men!

Yet, they shall live again.

The Last Night of the Year 1931

Through another year my praise to give,
Outside, howling, and whistling, the wind,
Inside, peace, and tranquility, of mind.
The storms may rage, and the billows roll high.
They cannot capsize, my Saviour and I,
For all is well, when he standeth nearby;
We laugh, at the waves, and the billows defy.

The world is struggling, in its sorrow and sin, Trying to overcome, its guilt, and its crime, Boasting of strength, that it doesn't possess, Too proud to look up, and its sins to confess. Depression throughout the whole world is rife, Labour is crying aloud, in her strife, "Give us a five day week or less! For us, it will make better business."

"We are bound together, by leagues, and chains, We are brothers together in labour.
Our laws we make, our laws we break,
We're contending for higher wages."
"Higher wages; and a shorter week's work!"
"Is the song, and dance, of this labour.
Lower wages for us, is a thing of the past!"
But I wonder how long this song will last?
For the dance is now waltzing, "the bread line."

O labour! your building is not of the Lord,
Nor your foundations resting, on his holy word,
"If you build your house, on the shifting sands,
Sooner or later the rain descends."
"And the storms, will beat, and the winds will blow,
Then down to destruction, your house will go,
Your leagues will break, and your bands be riven,
Because you're not taking your orders from heaven."

You are seeking your power, in earthly cash,
Caring not, if the hand, that feeds you, goes smash,
One can't shovel long, from out, the front door,
If nought's coming in, to supply a fresh store.
Supply, and demand, are the two laws of life,
When supply is cut off, there'll surely be strife.
Supply is trying hard, to save its own soul,
But labour's determined, to gaff up the whole.

If I hire a man, at ten dollars per day,
Knowing well in my heart, I can't afford him to pay.
It would not be long 'till that man owns my home,
And I, its proprietor, starting to roam.
So I think it no worse, for labour to shout,
Than to rise in a body, and turn its boss out!
They both then, shall find themselves in the ditch,
With no power, or money, so neither is rich.

When men will work on, for a company; and stay, Knowing full well, that their work, doesn't pay, And keep on, like parasites eating its flesh, The company going under, finding itself in a mesh—And lower wages, refusing to take, I say; God, and his honour, are then at stake! "He will be inquired of, concerning these things," His Invisible hand, oft' bringeth a change.

If the world were all labour, and not capital too? I wonder what labour, in that case would do? Would she get her eyes opened, to see her mistake? Or be humbled, and wiser, lower wages to take? The clouds of distress, are looming up large; But labour is still afloat on her barge, Can she keep afloat, I wonder much longer? Or go down to her death, by a hand that is stronger?

He alone who rules the destinies of men,
Is sifting and sifting, and sifting again;
The nations he shakes in his own righteous sieve,
And only what's right, and truthful, shall live.
"If any will not work, neither should he eat."
The word in its clarity doth this propound—
So there is a word, a truth, and a guide,
For all men of wisdom, to therein abide.
Life is "more," than, abundance, or pelf,
Just to get, and to have, to use on oneself.
It seemeth right, "to live and let live,"
But much better for they, who learn how to give.

As I sit here, and write, this last night of the year, It may have brought sorrow, to many I fear. If life, were all sunshine, with never a cloud, Continued prosperity, bringeth a shroud. If the world's in God's crucible, melting her dross—The distress that's now prevalent, will not be her loss; If the nations, would trust, in their Creator the same, As they trust in themselves, and exalt their own name, They might have, the vision, of the prophet and seer; And a way out of their difficulties, would then be made clear.

"There is a way, that seemeth right, unto man, But the way thereof, leadeth down unto death," Man, cannot trust, in his own fleshy arm, It will fail him at last, and do him much harm. The agony, and throes, that our world is now in, Is brought about largely, by her own wilful sin.

The youth of our age, wills, to get rich very fast,
They won't take a job, at a menial task,
They won't drudge, and slave, like their forebears have
done,

But they step on the gas, and are out for the fun.
The less the world works, and the more holidays she ask,
She is digging her own grave, both surely and fast;
The extravagance, and pleasure, and sin in the camp,
Are extinguishing her lustre, and dimming her lamp.

Conventions, and conferences, largely abound,
Trying their best, that a way may be found,
To relieve this old world, of war, and war's debts;
But the world only laughs, as she offers regrets.
The world knows, that vain man, while he boasts in his pride,

Is bereft in his power, to cast them aside.

The ship of State rocks, on the billows of life, And many are found, who engender the strife; As long as men's hearts, are reeking with sin, The struggle for "peace" they never shall win.

So farewell to you! dear old year, to-night!
You have made faces sad, in your twelve months flight.
The distress, and depression, you have scatter'd abroad.
Many workers, are workless, and their children not shod.
A year you have been, of testings so hard,
That you've shaken the faith of the seer—and the bard.
I'm glad that I'm able to sound, "The Last Post,"
Now that you are dead—And the health
Of the New Year, cheerfully toast.

Hannon, Ontario, December 31, 1931.

Memoria

December 28, 1904.

December 28, 1931.

As my thoughts, fly backward, and I see—
A bride of twenty-seven years ago,

Peering out, through the windows, at the snow,

The day had been fine, and bright and clean,

Until the shades of evening were drawing near;

When suddenly, a blizzard of snow came down,

Swirling; packing; and blinding, in furious form.

At six, the ceremony was to have been,
But the storm was raging, and nought could be done.
Some of the guests, were on the road,
The steeds battling and plunging, urged on by a goad,
For the roads were filling, from side to side,
And the guests were coming from far and wide.
While anxiously waiting, the bride, and the groom,
Often exclaiming, "O, what a storm!"

From five to seven, the storm did last,
As quickly it came, just as quickly it passed;
The guests came, trooping in, four by four,
Their garments all cover'd, with snow galore.
Their hearts were merry, and their spirits high,
They said they were hungry, for turkey, and pie;
They jokingly asked for the bride, and the groom,
Saying, "It's a bad omen to see such a storm."

While the minister had only three miles to come,
He hadn't ventured, forth, from his home,
He calmly waited, for the storm to pass,
Declaring, "I'll get there to marry that lass,"
"It will do them no harm to worry a while,
For I'll have to go slowly, and cross over a stile,
Perhaps, just as they think, I'm not coming to-night,
I'll appear on the scene; and make everything right."

The bride, and the groom, were anxious and cold, For we were shut out, from the family fold, I presume every minute, seemed like an hour, When the chiming of bells, was heard on the air; And the minister's voice, was heard at the stair. It was then, sally forth, to the altar prepared; And before our Creator, our troth we declared, The hour was nine; just three hours deferr'd.

As I sit here, and write, reviewing that night,
Some years had dark clouds, and others had bright,
Adversity laid its cold icy hand,
It hugged, and embraced us, extending its wand.
Our beautiful home, was laid low in the dust;
I sorrowed, and wept, and thought, "die I must."
But God in his purpose, had yet work for me,
His strength bore me up, and my spirit set free.

All through the long years, he's my friend, and my guide, He's with me to-night, and keeps close by my side.

There has not been a sorrow, too great for his ear;
And nothing too small, for my Saviour to hear.

My prayers he has answer'd, many a time,

Which brought forth joy, and sunshine, after the storm.

Married at Salem, Michigan, December 28, 1904.

April Birds, and Flowers

PRINGTIME, glorious springtime; again is at our door,
With violets, and bluebells, and crocuses galore,
The robins with their red breasts, the crows, with caw!
caw! caw!

The martins, and the swallows, with their curious seesaw.

The gentle April showers, are falling all around,
To rejuvenate, and bring again, the life that's in the
ground,

The grass is looking greener, the buds are swelling fast, Nature's all alive again, since the winter time is past.

The joy bells are ringing, there's mirth in every heart, April's smiles, and tears, are here, its new life to impart, The winter time is over, the snow is past and gone, All nature now is stirring, by the warm rays of the sun.

The tear-drops are glistening, on buds, and flowers, and trees,

Like a gentle benediction, wast' on the morning breeze, The flowers are appearing, on earth's glad bosom borne, A type of immortality, on the resurrection morn.

Oh, April! how I love you, for the messages you bring, You make my heart, sing out with joy; the joy that's in the spring,

The birds are calling to their mates, their voices loud I hear,

Carolling out their love songs, for the mating time is near.

How true they live to nature! with ne'er a frown or flaw, They obey her voice, they heed her call, and joyously keep her law,

These lovely feathered creatures, what lessons they do teach,

To us! God's higher children; lessons we may never reach.

- Hear them, in spring's glad morning, sing before the break of day,
- They are praising loud, their Maker, in a beauteous, gladsome lay,
- Their little throats swell out with song, before they search for food,
- Returning thanks to God on high, for each and all things good.
- Gaze upon the flowers, with their rainbow tints, and hues, They speak to me so loudly, and sing out, the truthful news,
- Of our gracious Lord, the Master, and the office that he bears,
- Since he bore our sins upon the cross, his purity you share.
- Oh if we sinful creatures, could be as pure as you,
- And live to serve our day of grace, and the vision catch anew,
- Our lives would be a power, a strength, for truth, and right,
- As we walk along with Jesus, who's the victor, in the fight.
- Yes! from the birds and flowers, many lessons can we learn,
- Let us hope that we'll remember, and our faces upward turn;

And warble forth our thankfulness, in simple trusting faith;

And give to Christ, the honour due, unto his holy place, Yes! turn away from earthly things, from their glamour, and their glare,

And like the birds, and flowers, singing praise, Within our sphere.

Hannon, Ontario, April 1, 1931.

The Atheist, and His Grave

And the glorious resurrection, he defied in his death.

The grim reaper, came into, his life one day, And the foolish man's spirit, was waft away, His iron clad thoughts, he desired should be, Carried out with precision,—gallant and free.

The depth of his grave, was eight feet, in the ground, No life from that depth, should ever be found, Three coffins encased, the foolish man's form, Cemented and sealed, and secure was this worm. He said "there's no God and I never shall rise, No life from 'my tomb' shall e'er point to the skies."

He had ordered a slab of marble, to rest,
Eighteen inches thick—and this marble was dres't,
Both in length, and in width, to cover his grave,
And to extend well around, and sink deep, in the ground,
Lest an atom of sunshine, or life, might be found.

This atheist was buried, a long time, in his tomb, And the earth underneath, was in darkness, and gloom, Thus two generations, had lived, and passed on, And the atheist's body, to corruption had gone.

But one day someone, noticed a crack, in the slab,
A fissure had rent it, from bottom to top;
And peering therein, to see what this could mean?
Behold! a small seedling; there growing was seen!
This atom of life, asunder, had rent,
And thrust out in both sides, the slab of marble was sent,
The seedling had raised, its pure life to the sun,
A true living sample, of what had been done.
For God in all nature is working; and lives;
After a century, this buried acorn revives.

It lives, and it grows, it buds, and it thrives,
And is beaming with life, like the bees, in their hives,
Its branches, are spreading, its trunk growing strong,
Proclaiming God's victory, over the atheist's song.

A stalwart, strong oak, from the seedling has grown, The marble slab's shiver'd, and riddl'd, and torn, Over twenty feet high, it basks in the sun, And its miracle of life, has wonderment won. The fool has said, in his heart, there is no God.

The scientists, the infidel, the naturalists, it confounds, And teaches the falsity, that in them abounds; When reason arising to deny, "THE TRUE GOD," Is left helpless, and doubtful, concerning His works.

If that seedling had grown, within one short year,
An occasion, would have been given, for vain man to
appear,

And boast in his knowledge, his ignorance, and pride, "That sunshine, and nature, their law, had applied," But God in his wisdom, caused the seedling to sprout, Almost two centuries after; which put them to rout.

In its resurrection life, the tree sheds its leaves, but is whole,

While the atheist is dead, in both body, and soul. In his life he denied, the God of his birth, In the first resurrection, he shall not come forth.

A thousand long years, will he lie in his tomb,

After the saints, who have faith, in our God, are gone home.

The first resurrection, calls the saints, and the saved, But the atheist, and the foolish, will not then be disturbed. But after the thousand years have expired, And Satan is loosed, from his prison, and place, Then the dead are brought forth, into life, they are raised, To be judged by their works, both the small, and the great.

Then the atheist's body, beneath the oak tree,
Will stand before God, whom he denied, and defied,
And the sentence of death, will then be pronounced,
By his Creator, whom he refus'd, and renounced,
The Author of life, will give to him, his reward,
When he is banished, "forever" from the presence of God.

Hannon, Ontario, March 24, 1931.

The Soldiers Friends

HE din of battle is heard to sound,
As a wounded soldier, lies on the ground;
His life's blood is ebbing fast away,
As he fell in the midst, of the battle's array,
He has given his life, for his country's call,
And his dying moans, are not heard at all—
Save only by birds, in the trees overhead,
As they watch the young life, 'till the last spark has fled.

The robins come with pitying eye,
They perch upon a twig near by,
Then mournfully, their notes peal forth,
And touch the wounded soldiers heart;
The tear drops start, down his face—
Like raindrops falling through the mist,
And like a lightning flash in June,
His thoughts are centred on his home.

He lies so motionless; so pale;
His quivering heart, throbs out the tale,
Of one he loves so far away,
But constant, in his mind doth stay.
Of faith and hope, though farewell sad;
That wedding bells, would make them glad;
But 'neath the battle's field array;
His spirit passed, from house of clay.

The robins hear his dying groans,
And closer came to view the scene,
They chirruped out, in wild constraint,
The sorrow of their sad complaint.
And gathering from the nearest bowers,
Some dead leaves, and the brighest flowers,
They placed them on the soldier's breast,
In honour of his worthiness.

And as the news of battle spread, The list of wounded, and the dead, The news to one young heart was told, Which changed that face, from young to old, For Arthur had her lover been, But now was number'd with the slain; The vows he'd made, were broke in twain, By Boorish hearts, on Africa's plain.

The news conveyed to her, contained, The story of the soldier's friends, The robins, who had sung the dirge, To Arthur, in his loneliness. Who'd watched until his spirit fled, Then carried leaves, and blossoms red, And placed upon her lover's breast, Loves emblem, in its vernal dress.

The robins sing! I hear their song,
What messages to them belong?
A native of our country here,
The springtime brings them, every year,
And as the winter's frost, steals on,
My heart is left, without a song;
They fly away to southern shores,
And sunshine bring, in plenteous store.

To cheer the hearts of maidens fair, Their songs are floating through the air; They sing o'er Arthur's grave so sweet, Their melodies, for him to greet. When battle's strife, and nations' pomp, Have kissed each other, in the dust, The birds will sing, their tuneful lay, O'er hearts of strife, returned to clay.

Toronto Island, Ontario, 1902.

Childhood Days

WELL remember my childhood days,
As I sit me down and backward gaze,
Seeing the dear old home on the farm,
Filled with mirth, and with children's song,
The innocent sport, that filled our heart,
The little whippings that made us smart,
Till the tears trickled down, our childish cheeks,
Telling their own story, of pranks, and freaks.

The springtime came with its song of birds,
And the bleating, and lowing of many herds,
With a gladsome song, that winter had pass'd;
The bees, and the flowers, had come at last,
For the winters were long and the months were cold,
And our childish hearts, seemed growing old,
To hear the crows caw, and the milder winds blow,
Instead of the frost, and the blustering snow.

Off to the woods, would our blithe feet run,
Searching for flowers in the April sun,
Gathering violets, so dainty and blue,
And the addertongues of various hue,
Charmed by the twitter of birds, and the frogs—
As they croaked out their thanks, beneath the logs,
Our hearts were happy, and joyous and free,
Like the creatures around us, in innocent glee.

I ran along, till my gaze was stayed,
By a fallen tree, in its moss grown bed,
Nature so kind, so loving and true,
Had woven a shroud of the greenest hue,
And wrapped around this lifeless tree,
An emblem of immortality.
But I only thought then, this moss covered tree,
Was a thing of beauty, intended for me.

I hastily gathered the brightest spots,
Dancing with glee, in my childish thoughts,
Then a little squirrel, came running along,
Whizzing, and chattering, out his song.
But the little creature so timid and shy,
Ran along the old rail fence near by;
Then climbing a tree, in his haste and fear,
Chattering back, "There's no danger here."

A muskrat popped up, his bright brown head, From a pool of water he called his bed; But seeing a child, close by at play; He silently stole to his bed away.

Just then a robin began to swell—

His throat, with the notes, he knew so well, Methinks his song, rang loud and clear;

Oh, let us be glad, that spring is here.

The child of nature, live close to the shrine,
Where the goddess of nature, her arts combine;
There's magic in all, her eyes behold,
The beautiful sunsets, in crimson, and gold,
Reflecting their colours, o'er mountain and dell,
Ere they vanished away, and the twilight fell.
There's joy in the sunsets, the birds, and the flowers,
Refreshing the heart, in childhood's hours.

Turn backward! yes backward! oh time on your wing, Sweet days of childhood, come back again, And bear me away, in innocent glee,
To live once again, so happy and free,
To gather the flowers, to hear the birds sing,
To hie back and forth, in the old orchard swing,
Just to hear the voice, of my mother, once more,
Turn backward! yes backward! ye days of yore.

Toronto Island, Ontario, June, 1902.

The Late Lord Balfour

And, very great honour by him was won;
He passed away on March nineteen,
And his age was eighty-two.
I look on his face, as I sit and write,
And I note his genial smile,
His eyes are kindly, yet keen, and sharp;
And the delicate mouth, has a little warp;
But his chin, is firm, and strong.
The lofty brows are of deep contour,
And the forehead, sublime extending o'er—
Portrays a physique of exceptional worth,
And a sterling character of honest birth.

Lord Balfour was loved, in his native land,
For his great intellect, and his steady hand,
Magnanimous of mind, and of courage true.
A great philosopher and politician, too,
A father of British statesmen has passed,
And long and verdant will his memory last,
An aristocrat, by birth, and by name,
A statesman, of renown, yet not coveting fame.
A man who loved our Great Commonwealth,
Who worked for her interests, without any stealth;
He was great in humility, as his prestige was great,
And that's the true secret, of his character's trait,
And with the deepest sympathy, I now write "the late"—
Lord Balfour, national institution of state.

He will be remembered for what he has done,
He was a faithful and worthy true son,
His deeds will live on, and the nations will bless,
His earnest endeavour, to bring about peace.
His was the far vision, and the broadminded view.
The Balfour declaration of the Palestine land,
Has brought noteworthy praise, as that statute now stands.
He opened the home, for the poor wandering Jews,
And to them I am sure, it was glorious news,
The Hebrew University, in the Holy Land,
Is deprived of the honour of his brilliant mind.
As it opens its doors, to the youth of its kind,
For an orator like Lord Balfour, may be hard to find.

I often admired, the kindly old Earl,
If a crisis was on, or a hard battle to fight,
He undauntedly stood for the best, and the right;
No selfish motive, actuating his speech,
He worked, for the interest, of all he could reach;
He was par-excellent, that example to teach.
He brought a fresh mind, in spite of his age,
Had a vision with youth, as well as the sage.
He was greater than party, and wiser than both,
He could see in the distance, when party was loath;
Could reprimand, counsel, advise, and declare,
A leader of leaders, we might ascribe, to his name,
He believed in his message; stood firmly and strong,
And during the "world war," his labours were long.

As, secretary of state, for foreign affairs— At a critical time—Britain knew there were snares, But to this honourable son, she entrusted her work; Feeling confident, all was well, in his hands. Time alone, will reveal his work for the world, For humanity's slow, to applaud genius sometimes— He was a "dear old Daddy!" to our Great Commonwealth, Very near to his heart, was her unity, and strength. He was a son of our loved "Victorian" age, With deep moral instinct; which made him the sage, Profound in his statements, sincere, in his ardour, Sometimes his great tasks, seemed a little the harder. But now they are over, we all say "adieu" And it may be that he has been started anew! That the Master of workmen, has given the task, And eternity's morning will cause it to last.

March 22, 1930.

The Missing Bible

THE preacher called at a stranger's home,
In the wide and wonderful West,
He knocked at the door, and a voice said, "come in."
He was glad of the call, and a chance to rest.

He told of his mission to enter her house,
"Said he was sent, to preach on their field,
And he called to ask them, to come to his church,
If they felt inclined their influence to yield."

"Oh yes!" said the lady, "our home is a place— Where the Lord has a welcome with us, I've known the Lord! and I've worshipped in grace, And I'm glad, that you're here to discuss."

"My Bible I love! and its pages I read,
And dwell on its messages true,
I am pleased that you called to look after our need—
It is certainly kind of you."

"The people that live without God's holy word, Are missing a festival rare, There are so many homes, where this has occurred, That I give, to the Book, what time I can spare."

The preacher made answer; "that makes my heart glad; To know you're a true child of God,
Just hand me your Bible, and a passage I'll read,
And we'll comfort our hearts, in his word."

This friend made no answer; but looked quite constrained, And her face became pink, and then red, She went to a stand, that some books did contain, And finally she looked under the bed.

She pulled out a box, with some rumpled up books, Their leaves were all tattered and torn, They looked as though, they had been haunted by spooks, And for years, had been battered and worn.

She looked, and she looked, but 'twas all in vain, For never a Bible was there!
"The children have taken it out—in disdain"—Said she, "for I could have sworn it was there."

"Then never mind lady!" the preacher averred, "I've a small one here, in my pocket, For many a time it's a blessing conferred, To carry the word in a docket."

So he read from the word, and they knelt down to pray, To our God, of good gifts, and good graces;
Then pressing her hand, he hastened away;
For the pastor makes calls at most places.

The lady I'm writing about is no unit,
By not having the Word, in her home;
There's thousands, professing the life of a saint,
With never a Bible, inside their fair dome.
Oh! let us be honest, at home, and abroad;
For deception will start us, along the wrong road.

Kinley, Saskatchewan, August, 1912.

The Messages

Y Father these lines are precious to me,
They are given, to me from my Lord,
I cannot keep silent, they're bubbling up,
A fountain from thy written word.

A well of water, within our heart, Wholesome! life-giving and sweet, The secrets of Christ, are with them that sit, And learn at his lowly feet.

He whispers to me, at the midnight hour, When all around, is at rest, It's wonderful! wonderful! then what I learn, While resting my head on his breast.

Telling me things that I know are true, Because my Lord leads me on. He has kept me quiet, and silent too; Sometimes with never a song.

Often the road, has been rough, and steep, Tempestuous, the ocean of life. Yes! many times, did, I bitterly weep; I know now; 'twas the Lord's pruning knife. He was pruning off branches, here, and there, To make me, a stronger tree; Taking possessions away, more, and more, Till I wondered; what next there could be?

Then, was it whispered, so kindly to me,
"In your possessions, life does not exist,
Nor in the abundance, your hand may possess,"
The essence of life, is far greater than these.

Through the long, weary years, frequently shown, "Where your treasure is, there, is your heart,"
That the world may become, as dead at your feet,
And the trials, no more do they smart.

Singing victory! victory! in Jesus dear name,
As we walk together, each day,
I covet not, this vain world, nor its fame,
Unless it be Jesus' own way.
Whatever, my Master may be pleased to give,
I will joyfully accept, it from him.
But the things of this world, they worry me not,
As long, as the City up yonder I win.

January 2, 1932.

Dark Days

MUCH like the days in Cowper's time,
Of turmoil and reform.
"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Dark waves are dashing on the shore, And breakers foaming high, No work! no work! the waves cry out, Starvation's drawing nigh!

Millions of waves are rolling on— This storm-tossed sea of life, Only to dash upon the shore, And waste them in the strife.

Though tempests rage, and lightning flash, Above a stormy sea; There's rest, within the vale of peace, Who anchor's hope in thee.

Distressing waves, are pounding hard, Upon the shifting sands; But when the tempest's blast has ceased, They're shining on the strand.

February 13, 1933.

The Need of the World is Jesus

HIS old world is tossing like a ship at sea,
Distress, and depression, all about me I see,
People are crying out to be free,
But the need of the world is Jesus.

Not more money, or grandeur, or gain,
Will ease its sorrows, or drive away its pain;
But the "Man of Sorrows" to be sought unto again,
Yes! the need of the world, is Jesus.

Not more pleasure, or ease, or pelf, Not so much weeping, and wailing o'er self. Indifferent hearts, renew'd, by his grace, The all saving grace, of Jesus.

Sighing, and moaning, the world rushes on, Bearing its burdens all alone, Preferring to suffer; to shriek, and to moan, But is blind, to the help of Jesus.

Man's invention, are crowding man out, His inventive brain, has brought this about, Yet he is blind to the cause, of this rout, And to take his instructions, from Jesus. Nineteen, thirty-one, we'll not soon forget, It was fraught, with anxiety, and trials, that fret; If in the true spirit, these testings were met, They will surely bring honour to Jesus.

In the Word it is written, "that we shall have peace,"
"And again! in the world tribulation,"
"Oh! come ye apart, and rest ye awhile,"
And this world, shall find "REST" in Jesus.

When you enter the waters, they shall not overflow, Trials, and troubles, our forefathers, went through; They were much stronger, the source of power they knew; Because they went through them, WITH JESUS.

Hannon, Ontario, December 25, 1931.

Lord of the Household

ORD of the household duties, hear my song to thee this night,
Oh! keep me strong to do thy will,
To stay faithful, in the fight.

The arduous task, the daily round, that each morning, brings to me,

The struggle to keep on going, I feel, My strength doth come from thee. The busy days, the sleepless nights, when sleep is far away; When my soul's communing, with my Friend, Then, for others do I pray.

I ask, that sinners, may be saved, and hearts repentent come;

To share the joy, that I receive, And to know thee, as their own.

When washing dishes, often times, in my kitchen, all alone, Thy inspiration comes to me, And I burst forth into song.

Thy spirit doth control my heart, For my song doth flow so free, That I know, and am persuaded, That it truly comes from thee.

The dishes, and the pots, and pans, are washed and put away,
Then the dusting comes in turn,
And this is done each day.

Oh! life is one monotonous grind, of repetitions sore, The household tasks, they must be done, The dusting o'er, and o'er.

But when my help—doth stay with me—And he provides, the strength:
What matters then, where I do serve?
Or of the days, their length!

There was a time when I did fret, and wished, that I were free,

From this continual, routine; But that has gone from me.

The kitchen walls, were far too small, my soul was bubbling o'er,

Just like a bird, within its cage, I fain would rise and soar.

I reason'd! that I thought the Lord, Had better work for me; Than making pies, and cakes, and soups, Though with those I must agree.

A missionary, I wished to be—on the home—not foreign field,

But my dear Lord, a lover sent, And to his wooing, I did yield.

He gave the love, he gave the home, where true women, are the Queen,

So I said, 'my glorious Father,'
"Thy holy will be done."

God moves in a mysterious way, sometimes to answer prayer,

A home missionary, I truly am, But not roaming, here and there. He knew the kitchen to be a cross, my desire was to preach, He accepted my will, and gave his work, That to me his lessons might teach.

Never! no never! did I call in vain, the help that I sought always came,

Though feeble in body, yet strong was my faith, Jesus was with me, who is ever the same.

The work of the day, had always gone through, But when eventime came, I was glad, I worked, and I prayed, I sang and I worked, Giving God the praise, for the life that I had.

There were things, that oft' worried, vexed me so sore, Their power is gone, and I feel it no more.

Saying in my heart, as I write down these words, "God's way is best, for he goeth before."

His word I've been telling, in season and out, But not to the throng on the street; Not on the highways, but the byways of life; Where heart touches heart, when they meet.

My Christ I have tried to exalt everywhere, To tell others, what a Saviour is mine; The joy that I find, in this service of his; Though in a small corner, I let my light shine.

Hannon, Ontario, January 12, 1931.

The Narrow Way

What does this mean; the narrow way?
What does it mean, O tell me pray?
Where does it lead, what can it do?
In your life, and mine 'all through.'

Where is this road of which I write?
Oh! tell me if it shines by night?
If moon's pale beam, or sun's bright ray,
Is shining on this narrow way?

Do fleecy clouds o'er spread its path? Or angry storms pour out their wrath? Do valleys dark, and deep, dwell there? With perhaps just one lone, lingering star.

Do the refreshing dews from heaven, By God's kind care, and mercy given, Fall gently on its parch'd breast, And soothe it like a child to rest?

Are there no thorns, to pierce our feet? But here and there, a trysting seat? With bowers green, to lend their shade, With ne'er a steep, or stony glade? Are they all friends, with ne'er a foe, That walk with them, as on they go? Are there none there, who've felt the pain, Of cruel acts in cold disdain?

Oh! tell me on this narrow way, If it is peace, and joy alway? With ne'er a sorrow, ne'er a tear, No cares to burden, with the year?

Do flowers bloom, and birds give song, As happy as the day is long? Do roses shower, their petals down, To strew that path, with sweet perfume?

The path is narrow, can it be
That on it, there's no room for me?
As busy throngs, its way descry,
As one by one, we hasten by?
Let us not miss, this narrow way;
It leads to the bright 'Eternal day.'

My Childhood Days

MUSE as I sit, here alone to-night,
Of the years, that are past, and gone,
Of the years, when a child, that were happy and
bright,

And the days, were one long sweet song.

No cares for the present, or future, were mine, I lived a glad life and free;
The world, and its worries, concerned me not then,
Or the gaining of any degree.

I loved to hie back, and forth in the swing, That hung from a pole in the barn; While the sparrows, and swallows, tried hard to sing, But my presence caused them, alarm.

I remember well, I enjoyed the fun, Of seeing them twitter, and scold, But I loved to swing; and before I was through, They darted around me quite bold.

One day I was asked, the dishes to wash, And I hurriedly went at my task, Knives, plates, cups, and saucers, were done with a dash, But alas! I forgot pots, and pans.

I was swinging so lovely, so high, and, with glee, When dear mother appeared on the scene; And said quietly "come back to the kitchen with me," "And finish your work, that's half done."

The day was so warm, and the fire was out, But these pots and pans, must be washed, I gathered some chips, the water to heat, And soon finished my arduous task. But I never forgot, from that day to this, To wash, both the pots, and the pans, I always look round, to see if a dish, May be sitting somewhere, on a stand.

It proved, a real object lesson, to me, And left an impression profound; The fact that my mother taught me to see, "Things done by halves; is a principle unsound."

I think now, of the beautiful lessons she taught, Of their worth and their value to me, Of what kindness, and patience, a mother is fraught, When her children, are small and climb on her knee!

I loved the robins, that came back in the spring,
Their darling red breasts, and their carolling song,
The frogs how they croaked, 'till they hushed, everything,
And the bull-frogs chimed in, with their notes, loud and
long.

In an innocent way, were those glorious days, Lived, one by one, as they passed; This world seemed a place, that was tuneful, with lays, What a pity that childhood don't last!

Oft' tired, with play, as the shadows crept on,
And wearily lay down to rest;
How goodly it seemed to snuggle me down,
When my prayers had been said, in a clean little nest.

I loved the flowers, the buds, and the leaves, And the green velvet carpet of moss; They often were gathered, and made into sheaves, By Fannie and Ella; and I was their boss.

I smile when I look, back over those days,
And scan those years, in my mind;
The peace, and contentment, that reigned in our plays,
In mature years, is harder to find.

Come back blessed childhood! embrace me to-night! Place a sweet childish kiss on my brow; A kiss like I placed, on my father's, so light, When he returned, from following his plough.

If I thought he stayed, too long in the field,
I would scamper, and run by his side,
And chatter to him, as the furrows, he turned,
And cling to his pant-leg, so long and so wide.

Oh! those were the days, when people would work, From sunrise; 'till the sun would go down, And all summer long, their meat was just pork, But they struggled, and worked, with never a frown.

And when the gladsome, Sabbath morning would dawn, Though the horses, were tired, and needed a rest, They were hitched to the buggy, and all of us drawn, To the dear old church, where our souls were oft' bles't. And oh! what a sermon, God's servant would preach, From a text, that was given so plain, And many a heart, did those grand sermons reach, And transformed, the lives of lassie, and swain.

And then in the winter, the revival would start,
When Christ crucified, and his precious blood shed,
Was preached to the people, 'till it touched their cold
heart,

And bowing repentent, to Jesus were led.

In those days, we were truly converted to Christ, Yielding our hearts, and our lives unto him, We knew that his Spirit had come to abide, We were the branches, and he the true vine.

Come back blessed years! oh! come back to us, And bring us, the Lamb of God slain; The dear Son of God, who came to this earth, From giving his life, he did not refrain.

My soul is so weary, of the sermons these days, Our blessed Redeemer, is just an "ideal," A mere passing shadow, or an object to reach, But not of our sins, are we e'er made to feel.

No wonder the churches, are empty and lone, When such a cold, lifeless Saviour, is preached! "There are no sinners now, we are taught to just live," To live, and reach out, 'till this "ideal" is reached. Oh! blind, illusion, this false doctrine, of men, Since when, can we creatures, save our own souls? We need the Divine, the great Saviour of men, We must have his Spirit, and be born again.

Young people unite, with the church, in our midst, Without being asked, "if they know Jesus Christ," "Or if they believe, they are sinners, and need, True faith in the Saviour, and trust in his grace?"

Oh! glorious years, in the church of our God, In Eternity's past you have fled, And the awful apostacy, hangs over our heads, For on the false doctrines, of men, we are fed.

Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sin,

In the word that, stands out, plain and clear, That's a powerful text, and souls it will win; When preached without doubt, there's nothing to fear.

Hark! hark! to the song, that rings in my heart, It is born from heaven, my spirit to cheer, "Fear not," saith the Master "when all seemeth lost, A mighty revival may be drawing near."

Then fill us dear Lord, with Thy Spirit so free, Like the latter rain, that descends on the earth, For the harvest still waits, and the labourers are few, Oh! send forth Thy Spirit, to conquer this dearth.

Blackheath, Ontario, March 7, 1927.

Give Me a Jury

If I have committed a crime that is vile,
And I know that I am guilty, yes guilty erstwhile,
The people are shocked, when they hear of my sin;
But I'm 'biding my time, till the court shall begin.

Till the court shall begin, and the hour has come, When the jurors each, shall be named, one by one, When my lawyer, shall plead, with a tear in his eye, With a great show of emotion, for the court to descry.

The witnesses oaths, are checked up with great care, Their testimonies for, and against me, are there. If the outlook is dark, and I despair of my life, Oh! give me twelve jurors, to sit on my case.

If the judges address, is filled with rebuke,
"And he almost declare, that guilty I am,"
But he mentions, "there might be a reasonable doubt,
So give to the prisoner, the benefit thereof."

Then the jury retires, to deliberate on the case; Some are for him, and some are against, They sum up, and squabble, and argue, and talk, Some of them have fair reason, and some have not. Some men in themselves, lack the honour of right, They don't like to see, a rogue, or a thief, in a plight; If to defeat justice, a way can be found; Some men on a jury, like a pivot go round.

It looks to me plainly, "they agree, to disagree,"
Which cause, a situation, to set the prisoner free;
Men who sit on a jury, should, be morally sound,
Their own conscience clean, and of high honour found.

In the press I read, many cases, which state— The pro's and the con's of the criminal's fate, Society demands, that clean justice be dealt; To the criminals, and not deep emotion, be felt.

The terrible tragedies, stalking over our land,
So common are they, that stern justice demand;
When children rise up to slay father or mother,
The law should be ready, to punish the offender;
These empty excuses, which their lawyers hand out,
By true British justice, should be put to rout,
And no murderers "when guilty," acquitted should be;
And money for such cases, spent never so free.

April 3, 1925.

Springtime

PART I

Of springtime drawing near; and then—
The winter's cold, and icy blast,
In shimmering frost, will soon have passed:
They'll hold no longer, in their grasp,
The death of bud, and flower, and field.
But soon a sweet perfume they'll yield;
And shower incense, in the air,
Of joy and gladness, everywhere.
The birds are singing, in the trees,
They're calling loudly to their mates,
To build their nests, and rear their young,
Swelling the anthem, "spring has come."

The mountains with their snow-capp'd peaks, Shall laugh 'till tears course down their cheeks, And run in torrents, down their slopes, Where dwell the deer, and mountain goats; And lazy bear, who snores, and sleeps, As closely in his lair he keeps, He ope's his eyes and saunters forth, To see if dear old mother earth—Has cast aside her deathlike pall!

Or burst her tomb, or prison cell? And lo! the mountain's gushing stream, Proclaim, to him that spring has come.

The glorious sun, in brightness shines,
And sheds her penetrating rays,
In warmth, and life, and lustre more—
Than blushing Venus, or crimson Mars.
Her radiance searches, every glen,
Where winter's cold, and cruel hand,
Sent death—and drew her veil between,
In leaden clouds, and stormy gale.
Then gathering all her hosts on high,
Makes one mad rush for victory;
She sends the snowflakes, hurling past,
To deck earth's tomb, and hold her fast;
But ah! the springtime's sun doth loom,
And bursts the bands, of bier and tomb.

We walk abroad, across the plain,
And scan the far horizon line,
We see the sunset's crimson glow,
With mellow tints, like the round rainbow.
The empyreal clouds in robes array'd,
Of gorgeous lustre, form parade.
They march along the sunset line,
And ah! we are a child again,
And in their forms and castle seen.

With frescoed walls, and turrets sheen, And lovely maidens, dwelling there— Like Pallas, and Minerva fair, Just then a Samson, strides along, And topples all their castles down, Now! in this lovely scene alone, We know; and feel; that spring has come.

The robin with his bright red breast,
And brown toned feathers, for his crest,
He's warbling forth, with all his power,
A joyous song from out, the bower.
He wings his flight, from tree to tree,
Exuberant, in his ecstacy.
I listen to his thrilling notes,
As wafting in the air, they float,
To greet my heart, and tune my soul,
And raise my thoughts, above the whole—
Completeness, of Creation.

I feel the Deity, the Truth,
That speaketh, in the things of earth,
The nebula, is cast aside;
And Heaven's gate, is open wide;
That all who will may enter.
There's mercy in the robin's song,
There's love, and peace, and blessed tune,
Of Christ, the Resurrection.
He swells his throat, in notes sublime,
Their cadence, chant, the glad springtime.

No death is in the heart of earth. For bursting bud, and flower confess, The life, that was resting in them was, Just waiting for fruition. The river's pent up frozen stream, O'erflows its banks with life again, Resounding loudly, far and near, Though Jack Frost's bands had held it fast, Life-giving spring, has come at last. Along its course, it flows in mirth, Jubilant, in resurrected birth, To nature's laws it must coerce, Till springtime's all awakening force, Revivify; electrifies; the earth, And send throughout the land 'new birth,' The river's life, like yours and mine, Proclaim, a Resurrection time.

I raise my eyes, and look afar,
Springtime's joy reigns everywhere,
The grass that seem'd so brown and dry,
Smiles now through tears, of new found joy,
For snuggled closely, at its root,
The vernal blades, doth now upshoot.
Mauve crocuses, with centres yellow,
Banked here, and there, like feathery pillow,
The first appearance of the flowers—
In this prairie land of ours;

We love them for their April boon, Their thoughtfulness, to bloom so soon, We press them closely to our lips, And the wine of nectar freely sip.

They whisper in my ears their song—
"We're blooming for you, in this western land,"
If God had forgotten to create the flowers,
In this lonesome, expansive West of ours;
There's one heart at least, that would bleed and pine,
And long for its childhood days again.
In dear old Ontario, where flowers bloom,
The orchards give forth their sweet perfume;
If Paradise is more beautiful, and lovely, than they,
Our wandering feet, will delight there to stay.
I'm sure there are landscapes, and flowers in heaven,
When this world is bles't, with the love, that's in them,
They're silent, yet powerful spokesmen, of cheer,
They never forget, the glad springtime is here.

PART II

Dear springtime! place your hand in mine, Let us go forth your treasures to find— You'll be my teacher, my lover, my friend, In faithfulness, constancy, and purity in kind. I'll gaze into your eyes, with trust in my look, We'll peer into crannies, and scan every nook.

The first thing to notice, as together we gaze,
Is the new life, the new birth, in every phase.

From the grass at our feet, to the mountain, top tall,
Your sceptre, and wand, stretching out over all,
The trees are bedeck'd in their new vernal robe,
In tints that the artist, in vain can but hope,
To bring out the light, and the shade, in their dress,
And portray, on cold canvas, their true loveliness.

The low murmuring song, of the brook in its course, O'ershadow'd by maple, and elm, and birch, The marks of the forest, in days long gone by, The haunt of the Mohawk, the Iroquois, and Cree. Over our heads, the soft fleecy clouds fly, Our life's like the clouds, that soon passeth by, Oh! let us rejoice, in the springtime together, Paying true homage, to dear Mother Nature.

A flower blooming, from out the cleft in the rock, Its origin, and beauty, our knowledge doth mock! As sweetly it looks, into your eyes, and mine, Yet darling springtime, we can't it define. The planets, and stars, in their orbits may swing, "LIFE," hideth itself, in this tiny wee thing.

Springtime's new birth, is a mystery to us, Hold tightly my hand, and we won't it discuss; We'll talk of the flowers, the birds, and the bees, The low zephyrs, that murmur, among the green trees, If the mystery of life, the Godhead had revealed, And not unto man, this mystery concealed. If man had 'forever,' been permitted to live, And not from the Garden of Eden been driven, What a woeful sad thing, 'twould have been for the race; If carnality, sensuality, and sin, did not cease! If unto God, man, no account had to render, What a pitiful creature he'd be, without a Defender! If man could be 'born again,' without coming to Christ, Had the essence of 'LIFE' in himself. Could live forever, in this house of clay, Creation would thus be a failure.

The ravens are cawing, and flying on high,
Perching themselves, in the oak, near by,
When sitting they're, black as black can be,
When flying, white feathers, under some of their wings
we see.

Surely this is a breach, of nature's true laws!
But they are all ravens, I know by their caws.
Just a freak, in old Nature for scientists to solve;
Who contend, that each species, are not known to devolve,
Yes! I know it is strange, 'tis true, very rare;

Never before in my lifetime, a crow did I see,
With some plumage white, others as black as can be.
In our journey abroad, a new lesson I've learned,
That nature will sometimes, transfuse of its kind,
Just once, may this happen, but never again,
Dear conservative old nature, how trusty you are!

Oh! springtime we're joyful, happy, and blithe,
Let us sing like the lark, that mounts to the skies,
Let us give unto him, all the honour, and praise,
Like the birds singing round us, our voices we raise.
Crying out in ecstacy, our impassion'd delight,
To God be all glory, all honour, and might.
All nature around us, so gorgeously array'd,
The handiwork of him, whom all creatures have made,
In hearts true, and contrite, our homage we pay,
My exuberant spirit, cries out unto thee.
If the brook, and the flowers, the buds and the trees.
Are all proclaiming God, in their neutral sweet way,
They sing to us loudly, sublimely, and gay,
That the spirit of Christ, should live in 'US,' have his
way!

God who created, and in his own image, man made, What a pity man should tarnish, and that likeness degrade! Oh springtime! dear springtime! you neither worry nor fuss,

In your variegate nature, you're an object lesson to us. Like the lily's sweet fragrance, you toil not nor spin, Yet many princes might covet, you beauty to win. Your fresh opening buds, tender leaves on your bowers, That glisten, and sparkle, in springtime's warm showers, To the sun in his glory, you open your hearts, His life-giving power, to you he imparts. When the moon saileth onward, absorbing the night, You fold up your petals, you wrap them up tight—The birds and the flowers, the hedge, and the trees, Are nodding, and sleeping, yet enjoying the breeze. This nocturnal beauty, awe-inspiring! sublime!

Oh springtime! my chosen, my best of the year,
Fold me close to thy bosom, let me gaze without fear;
Let my vision lead onward, to the glorious time,
When we as Christ's children, with our Saviour shall dine.
When from out these frail bodies, in our resurrection
attire,

We are cleansed, and purified, by thy Spirit's own fire.

Springtime is just a symbol, of the glory I see,
The enchantment, and transformation, awaiting in thee,
Bear me up on your wings; I must fly! I must mount!
'Till my vision now hazy, transparent shall count—
The numerous aeons, in Emmanuel's land,

With Jesus, my Conqueror holding my hand. Together we'll walk, by the river of life, Where the fields are ever green; And the flowers wither not; Where perpetual springtime abideth.

Kinley, Saskatchewan, April, 1912.

PART III

Springtime! joyous springtime! you are here again, With your laughing breezes, and the falling rain. With your glorious sunshine, falling on the earth; And the little crocus wild-eyed, in their joy and mirth, Birds are now returning, twittering to their mates, Of the chilly winter, their stories now relate. Little throats are bursting, carolling out their song, Telling out the gladness, which unto them belong.

Nature is awakening, at the call of spring,
Buds are outward shooting; life in everything;
You have lain dormant, through the winter time;
Now you start to frolic, in a way sublime.
Abundant life is coming, to the fields, the woods, and flowers.

And the breath of springtime, in these pulse of ours; Happy! happy springtime! in your songs and mirth, Entering every hamlet, throughout this glorious earth. Lift this careworn world, in your loving arms,
Soothe and succor everyone, by your impelling charms;
The mysterious secret of your life, let us think thereon,
Bursting buds, and flowers, appearing on the lawn.
Oh! the mystic wonder, that's hidden 'neath the soil,
Why! nature is just teeming, in every vein, which foil—
And baffle intellect; and show us puny man,
With all his boasted knowledge, and magnanimous brain.

Tell me the origin of life? in nature springing forth?

Tell me the secret deep, inset; imbedded, and its worth?

Tell me what's in the soil, to make the bud, and flower shoot?

Can you explain, oh man! this life, so silent and so mute?
Science is struggling to explain, the origin of LIFE,
But it's just as far away as ever, and is rife—
With foolish thoughts and notions, and is far—
Wide of the mark, in finding out the mysterious—
Workings, of the creation of Life.

Then springtime! you are wiser, than the white and hoary head;

You are laughing at their fancies, and by their theories lead.

Men have made great discoveries; and in their skill abound;

But life's secret, in the springtime, doth all their skill confound.

Oh! its beauties, and its mystics, abound on every side, All nature's throbbing, with new life, its fountain's open wide.

We love to gaze upon it, but its origin, we're denied.

You're living true to nature's laws, in the dewdrop's glistening tear;

The seed that's planted in your soil, burst forth from out their tomb,

And hail the gladsome sunshine, from the secrets of your womb.

The fishes, and the birds; and the cattle, in their stalls; Bring forth their young in order, according to your laws. Oh springtime! glorious springtime! what an atom we appear,

When we stop to think, and ponder, on your coming every year.

March 25, 1930.

The Burning of Our Home

On the burning of my cherished home, March 9, 1908, between five and six, in the evening. Snowflake, Manitoba.

My husband, and I, were in Winnipeg, when the sad news came by telephone.

M.G.L.M.

HUSHED and holy silence fell around the sacred hearth,

When last a figure, small and trim, went forth in girlish mirth,

The heart of youth, is blind to see; and sometimes won't awake:

Forgetting that a vow had passed, and honour lay at stake.

It thrust aside the sacred worth, and duty of the home;
In idleness it sat around, and idleness breeds harm!
To bring the mail it thought would do, providing it a chance,

To harness up the 'broncoes,' and take that fatal prance.

Soon was it dressed in clothing good, a warmer at its feet, And got into the cutter, like stealing pleasures sweet; The door was shut, the die was cast, the awful deed was done,

For in three hours later, it wailed the loss of HOME.

'Twas on a Thursday morning, the fifth of March we went, On business to the city, my husband, and I bent— To try repair the loss, and take hold on life again! For on January the 24th our home was first in flame.

I wrung her hand and saying, "Please don't leave this house while we—

Are absent, but prove faithful friends, and honourable be!"

She promised "yes! we'll stay at home,

Oh! trust us, we are true,"

Then left our home on Sunday, and left it Monday too.

We were happy in the city, confiding in that trust,
When suddenly, a message came, "Your home now lies in
dust,"

The blow was struck! the anguish came!

For two sad bleeding hearts,

Oh! God have mercy on us now! our all from us departs.

And oh! the sad and bitter nights, we mourned for our loved home!

We felt we were two refugees; bereft, and homeless grown. The God of Jacob was our stay, his glory shone around, And even in our darkness, his strong right arm we found. The anguish of a lifetime, swept o'er our souls that night,
Our frail and trembling bodies, were feverish, with fright—
Our lovely home had vanished; the cruel flames had swept;

The treasures of so many years, my faithful hands had kept.

I cried oh Lord! what can this mean? my sorrow is too great;

Why did I leave my home to those, who did carelessly forsake?

The holy Spirit, answered so quickly in my grief,

"Fear not, for I am with thee, I'll send thee my relief."

Oh! life was hard just then for me, to penetrate the gloom;

My eyes beheld my cherish'd home, sent swiftly to its
doom;

For ne'er a day had passed, but I, in thankfulness had bow'd,

And blessed my Friend, for every gift, his kindness had allow'd.

My grief was o'erwhelming, I asked for light, and faith; To trust, and kiss my Saviour's hand, and closer to embrace—

God's ever precious promises, to me so often proved, This is another chance, to trust, his never failing love. I asked my Father feebly, through tears of deepest grief, Oh! why should we be treated thus? and then to my relief—

My Father answered kindly, in that dark and troubled hour.

The mystery of life's dark way, surge on in mighty power.

"God's purpose is ripening fast, unfolding every hour,

The bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower."

Then I knew that God did speak, and though our all was gone,

A double portion he will give; when well our duty's done.

'Twas just the night before the fire, a vision to me came, I dreamed I was in our stable, at home upon the farm,

There were two stalls, with horses in, one old, and poor, and gray:

The other one a lovely beast, so fleshy fine and bay.

Just then two persons came, and clipped their hair all off, And such abundance lay around, the stall wherein each horse—

Was standing. Then one who clipped began to slick,

The kind and young bay horse, Lo! his body shone like gold,

While patiently he stood; chewed his hay, and fatter grew, And cared not for his loss. The old gray horse, was poor and lean, ill favour'd of his kind,

When his hair, was shorn so closely, no comfort did he find;

He trembled, and he shook with age, his old raw bones stuck out,

He crouched, and trembled in his stall, and could not walk about.

Until he wilted in his stall, a worn out prostrate heap.

He pawed, and pawed, then tried to rise, and even tried to leap;

But all in vain, he could not rise, he lay a bony heap.

I stood and viewed this strangely scene, the vision seemed so deep.

Just then my husband came to me, saying, "Dear Maggie come away,"

"That old gray horse, his day is done, he's no more use to me,"

He gently took me by my hand, and led me from the sight, In the morning I awoke, with the vision of the night.

It haunted me the live-long day, the old gray horse still pawed,

Before my head found rest again, my heart was chill'd and aw'd,

The message of our home in flames, the cherished treasures there,

Were shorn from off our lives, and hearts, they left us lone and bare.

Then the vision all came back; its meaning plain to see, Another, and a better way, our God would 'ope for me. The young bay horse, our portion is, on him we'll feast our eyes,

Prosperity, and plenty; in him our portion lies.

The hand of God, is in it all, he's working day by day, Who shall hinder, when he moves, in his own mysterious way?

I'd rather be a plodder, with God to call my own! Than sit a king, or ruler, without HIM, on a throne.

Dear Father deal in mercy, thy judgments are so kind, Remove the scales from off our eyes; cast them far behind: Just show that thou art 'Ruler,' in every heart and home! Give us an obedient spirit, wherever we may roam.

The higher life in Jesus, don't trust in land or gold, But in this earthern vessel, a richer treasure holds. We're thankful for prosperity, 'tis sent to us from him, If turned to cold adversity, we'll trust him just the same.

Our home we loved so dearly, has forever passed away, Its hallow'd, sacred memory, shall always, with us stay, The treasures that were dear to me, have burned a ruin'd heap,

In my heart I'll turn the key, their memory to keep.

There was one more sacred treasure, than all the rest to me;

Our music cabinet held it, snugly tucked away;

There were poems of all description, composed by Margaret G.

Soon were to have been published, but alas! how pleasures flee!

Oh! well do I remember, when those dear poems I wrote, Portraying life's sweet memories, transforming them to thought,

The hallow'd inspiration, came stealing to my breast; Enthused, and fill'd, my being, with a marvelous zest.

To see, and know, life's treasures, along its rugg'd way;
To try to keep the roses; and cast the thorns away;
The trials, and the crosses, the cares that press so hard,
Are stepping-stones, to Heaven, to raise our thoughts
upward.

Sometimes my heart, just swells with grief, almost bursting its walls!

With the agony of this one thought,

'No home doth now me call!'

The duties of the morning, the noontide, and the eve,

Are shadows of the bygone days; they're joys,

I can't retrieve.

I've lost a treasur'd father, and mother several years; They've both gone "Home to glory," they're through, with earthly tears;

I knew it was my father's will, to send for them one day; They put on immortality, and sweetly slipped away.

My loss was sad, the sorrow keen. I pined for mother dear;

I miss'd her loving, guiding hand; I mourned for her presence near;

I knew that God had taken her, to fill some vacant place, She went the way, of all the earth, and all of Adam's race.

But in the burning of our home, my cross seemed hard to bear,

The mystery is so profound, as though a mask we wear; The luxuries, and comforts, are torn from our farm, All seems vacant, lone, and bare, Our cheerless hearts to warm.

"My heart be still, don't murmur!" a blessing may be there!

In the years to follow, our lips may then declare. A wise, and gracious Father; this sorrow may have sent, To open up a better way; and thus our hearts cement.

My Bible tells me "God is Love," too kind, and true, to err,

If a chatisement, is sent, his mercy will endure; My husband dear, is left to me, together we will try— To face the rising sun, again, that strengthen with the day. We'll bend our energies once more, as turns the wheel of time,

Where God, and love, and peace is,
There a 'home' we'll truly find.
Prosperity, will be our lot! we'll not forsaken be!
So praise, and honour ever be, to the bles't "One in Three."

Snowflake, Manitoba, April, 1908.

Canada's Great Domain

O mine Host be the "honour" I first declare,
And the ladies and gentlemen seated here,
To tell of Canada's "Great Domain,"
Is the theme of my story, I wish to maintain.

How not quite half a century ago,
'Twas the haunt of the buffalo, the bear, and the roe,
And old mother nature, was sleeping so still,

On the plains, in the forest, the lakes, and the rills.

The red men were scatter'd in tribes here and there,
And civilization seemed far in the rear,
The wild flowers bloomed, in their beauty alone,
The moon, and the stars, their effulgence shed down,
To whisper so softly, "The white men will come."

The Hudson's Bay Company, came here years ago, Before the great tide of the nations inflow,

They blaz'd out a trail, in the wilds of the West, And barter'd, and traded, in furs for the East.

And thus a faint glimmer of life could be seen, In this land of the sunset, the Easterner's dream.

Its plains seemed far distant, its name was a fear,
And only the bravest, and the strongest, came here.

But just as this "Comet" now appears in the West,
It shines now but dimly, but when at its best,
Will splendor the heavens, with radiant light,
A sight grand and glorious, in the dark of the night.

This extensive prairie, seen but dimly "afar"

Threw a halo of light, as its settlers drew near,

That light has grown stronger, and blazed on the world,

Like a battleship's army with sails all unfurl'd.

The warriors brave, of all nations, and tongues,
Have sought for a refuge, her free open plains:
Great mercantile centres, and cities now rest,
"Contented and happy, in Canada West."

Old Fort Garry, that's settled in Winnipeg's heart,
With war whoops, and dances was made to upstart,
But the foes, were soon quell'd, and made to retreat,
For Canada's sons, will ne'er suffer defeat.

Her sons, and her soldiers, in 1885,

Fought bravely for freedom, the Indian tribes,

And not far from Kinley, on plains and in woods,

The battle ground echoes, our freedom with blood.

To scan the horizon in this western land,

A new nation's heart's throbbing, and in unity stand,
To work, and to suffer, if need be, "The Cares!"

That honour demands, and duty prepares!

We know there are trials, and oft' sorrows, too,

Comingled with hardships, in all countries new,

But courage undaunted is rearing up homes,

That are loved and cherished, like queens on their thrones.

The homesteads are marking, the ploughman's domain,
He ploughs, and he sows in sunshine and rain,
And God in his goodness, his labour rewards,
And the golden grain, waves, in bountiful swards.

Oh men be ye, honest, be stalwart, be true!

In this our fair country, so prosperous and new,
For all shall pass on, and leave here a shrine,
For others to worship, or hold in "disdain."

We know it's the people, in any fair clime,

That stands for a monument, dear to its name,
Emboss'd on its banners, for freedom we stand,

"United for service to God, and our King!"

The world's largest granaries, are towering high,
In towns large and small, far away, and near by,
They're telling their stories, that can't be denied,
"This country of ours, is Canada's pride!"

How great her resources, my pen fails to write,

Her industries, so many, they dazzle my sight;

There's work for the needy, there's bread for the poor,

And none need go hungry, who touches her shore.

The primeval forests, for hundreds of years,

Have graced her fair landscapes, without any fears,

Of axeman, to hew them, or civilian, to claim—

A right to their heritage; but lo! they have gone—

To do service to men, though majestic and tall,

They bow in obedience, to the white man's call.

The telegraphs, telephones, railroads, and more,
Have long been stampeding, from shore, to shore,
They carry good tidings, from countries afar,
They bring cheer, and comfort, to the inhabitants
here.

The old Union Jack, on our towers flaunts high,
And speaks reminiscence of the dark ages gone by,
When our forefathers, struggled, and wrestled in blood,
And united in brotherhood, valiantly stood.

They inspire, enthuse, and teach us to-day,

That our works will live after, these frail bodies decay;

So let us take courage, and dare to do right,

And stand in the battle, in the heat of the fight,

So long live our Canada, long may she see,

Prosperity, and plenty, from ocean to sea.

All hail! to her sons, that are building to-day,
And a glorious destiny; may they portray—
A picture more lasting, this world to cheer on,
Than history e'er yet, on its pages has shown.

Kinley, Saskatchewan, January 25, 1910.

Composed, and read at a banquet given in Kinley.

The Nation in the Cradle

THE Nation that's rock'd in the cradle to-day,
And slumbers, and sleeps, in its innocent way,
That's foster'd and tend'd by kind loving hands,
And lullaby's chanted throughout Christian lands.
How feeble and frail, doth this nation appear?
Its wants are made known by cries, and by tears,
And nought doth it mourn for, but food and for rest,
"And snuggles, so closely, to the fond parental breast."

It hungers for naught, but the fondest of love,
"Implanted in its life, from the Creator above,"
Its innocent prattle, of cooing and joy,
Is the purest of love, without, any alloy.
As the mothers are tending, these innocent ones,
Their minds often ponder, and wonder, and cons,
What will be the future, or fate, of these dears?
And their hearts, often tremble, and oft' times have fears.

Oh! could they but lift, the strange mystical veil,
That now o'er, their darlings, doth hover, and pale—
And penetrate deeper, and farther, "this life;"
So closely enwrapp'd in Omnipotent's right.
But ah! there's no knowing, no mind can descry,
The footprints that's coming, to rule, by and by,
Oh! may they be stronger, and nobler than those,
That ere yet have travers'd, "this terrestrial globe."

If those children are trained to fear God and his laws,
Are taught early to love him, and honour his cause—
Each day they'll grow stronger, and love to do right,
For without this foundation, no nation has might—
Or power to o'ercome, the temptations that sway—
The voice of the enchantress, so luring and gay:
As she flaunts her vain pleasures, so boasting and proud,
While that nation goes down, to their bier, and their shroud.

This young nation now slumbering, but soon to command, Like an army equipp'd, for a battle shall stand;
To face their foes bravely, to wield, sceptre, and wand,
In this twentieth century, so glorious and grand.
If they do not grow to love honour, and truth,
The fault is their own, or their parents forsooth,
For scatter'd broadcast, like the sands of the sea—
Fame has marked out "long trails," for this young company.

Their forefathers wrestled, and struggled, and groaned, Against poverty's banners, o'ershadowing their homes, But working undaunted, with seared honest hands, The floodgates of plenty, have burst wide o'er our lands. So the nation that's rock'd in the cradle may sing—"We have a glorious heritage; and our homage we bring—"And lay our best gifts, on the altar of love," Invoking the blessings of heaven to prove.

May peace be their watchword, rung in from afar, "Outshining in radiance e'en Venus or Mars,"
May the battle cry's clangour, be hush'd on the air,
And the sweet voice of harmony, be heard everywhere.
May the pessimist's visage, be brighten'd, and cleared,
Of the dark lowering clouds, that on his horizon appear,
May the evil forebodings, that confuse and confound,
Be follow'd by magnanimous minds, healthy and sound.

This nation appears like a staunch vessel at sea,
By the far distant perspective, it seemeth to be—
An indistinct object, without contour or form,
But as it ploughs onward, through billows and storm,
And neareth the port, where it's destined to land,
Behold! all its beauty of structure, and skill.
Its powerful engines, that work with a will—
And hasten their speed, or slacken the same
By masterful hands, that have sailed o'er the main.

And if our fair nation is guided by strength—
Of parents: whose duty it is to give thanks—
To God, for his goodness in honouring their homes,
And entrusting to them, their daughters, and sons.
To train and to teach them, to pray that their lives—
May be filled by the true blessed spirit that gives—
Consolation, and comfort, in sunshine or storm,
And "they too," shall be brought, safely to port, without harm.

Then reaching the portal of manhood's crown'd prime, With bodies, and souls, together combin'd,
To raise high the standard, for the country they love—
That her name be endeared to their hearts, as they rove—
In quest of her treasures; of knowledge, and art—
Imbedd'd and wedd'd in nature's true heart.
We want men of honour, who will ne'er stoop to defraud,
Or compromise with evil, the laws that are made.

We want men who will rule, and take note of the pure, And keep the path virtue, hath made to our door: Ignoring the greed, and the graft, and the sin, That selfishness seared, and crusted, doth gain.

For nations who've worshipped this shrine of the dead, Were short-lived, and vanished: and there reign'ed in their stead,

A people whose lives were enthused with a faith, "That Eternity's ours," "To use, after death."

Let us look then not lightly, on the children at play, Remember—no jewels, are of more worth than they; Let our lives reflect brightly, the best we can give, That a deep hallow'd memory may after us live. And when we've passed on, and received "our reward," And this young nation shall stand, our country to guard, May the footprints "they leave" in the race they have run, Be worthy at last of the Master's "Well Done."

Written February 28, 1910.

Read at a concert at Blackheath, Ontario, September, 1922.

The World War

FEW thoughts to-night, I am going to write, as we enter another year,
My heart has been glad, and my heart has been sad, and I've shed many a tear,

With its rights, and its wrongs, the year that has gone, With its turmoil, its war, and its strife, Was a happy old year, though with many a fear, I passed through its days, and its nights.

Night after night, as I lay awake, and slumber came not to my eyes,

I communed with my heart, had thoughts on my bed, While those 'round me were wrapp'd in sound slumber. I thought of the greed, the hatred, the strife, that's going on over the seas,

The lives being spent, and bodies so crush'd, While we may stay here at our ease. Yes! thousands are homeless, and millions have died, And millions are yet, in the field, Even to-night, as I sit here and write, Germany's showing no signs, that she'll yield.

The war has been long, the bloodshed and crime, Horror, and terror, and everything grim, That have shaken the powers, of this weary old world, Have torn by cannon, and shrapnel and gun, Bullets, and bayonets, and dread-submarine; Dreadnaught, and tank, and swift aeroplane, And gasses, so deadly, for one nation's gain.

A nation who teaches, that might, has the right,
To tear down, and plunder, and rule with a stirth,
All nations and people, who differ from her.
And dare to prevent her, from owning the earth.
Germany's sword, is now piercing her breast,
She and her allies, shall never have rest,
Until they find out, that their teaching is wrong,
Made to surrender, and sing a new song.
A newly framed anthem, that right, is the power,
That exalteth a nation, and builds there its tower.

That's founded on something, much stronger than men, Whose hearts are corrupt, with a lewd thirst for gain; Whose power is stronger, than army, or steel, Though legions, and numberless hosts, Try to reel, and turn backward its flank, From the red battlefield.

Honour, and truth, closely stand, by right's side,
They are principles working, unseen, and espied,
By the nations, who trust, in their own foolish pride.
Gather and build, an army so vast,
That they darken the sun, as they go tramping past,
Think to outrun, this power of 'TRUTH,'
Trample in dust, its honour and worth,
It has kept on its course; as old as the world,
It always has trimph'd, conquered, and hurl'd
The forces opposing its march.

This war is so cruel, so monstrously wrong,
On the side of the Germans, Austrians, and Hun,
Their army so ruthless, strews death on its path,
That right say 'it cannot win,' though long it may last.
God stands not for the brutal, and unholy lust,
Nor for killing the helpless with knife or with bomb,
Neither causing the carnage, to spread o'er the world,
That death may run rampant, and sow her discord.

Good must prevail, and evil give way, But the evil is strong, and hard to o'erthrow, The forces of Christ, are dealing that blow!

'Tis good that our nation, has not denied him,
That our sons, and our daughters, continue to sing:
Loud praise to Chrsit, who sits on his throne,
Watching the enemies foul fiends, at their work,
Destroying the flesh, and the bodies of men,
Desiring worldly honour, and glory, and gain.

This war has been raging, three years and eight months, Still Germany thirsts, for the blood of our sons.

She is bleeding the world, and curses herself—

Every time that her onslaughts, backward are hurl'd;

In frenzy she launches, her death-dealing blows,

She laughs when she sees, the corpses in rows!

Death is her wager, and life she must take,

Death she shall have, 'till her awful thirst slake.

The sword was unsheath'd by her own bloody hand,
They tore, and they trampled, through Belgium's fair land;
The god of the Germans, is a huge god of force,
An autocrat, tyrant, demon, and worse—
They trust in their guns, and their 'Vaterland's pride,'
They hate with a hatred, that can only be vied,
By a legion, or army, of devils or beasts,
Prepared by the power, of Satan himself.

Kinley, Saskatchewan, January 3, 1918.

My Country Needs Me Now

THE voice of my country is calling, is calling me loudly to-day,

Great issues are pending that needs me, their voice I must obey.

There's a right, and a wrong to most phases, A right to be sought with a will, Right is the power that 'triumphs,'

If we will but cling to it still.

There's a struggle abroad in our country,

That is not a myth, or a song;

One that will very soon tell us, on which side our people are on.

We have read with hearts, that are aching!

We've watched with eyes that are keen;

We've prayed with hearts, that are bleeding,

That God will give Canada men.

Men who are strong, who are honest; men whose eyes are not blind,

Men who are larger than 'party;' yes! even both parties combined.

So discard your rusty old treasure, those worn out, old party coats;

Roll up your sleeves to your elbows, and get busy gathering votes.

Vote for a good union government,

Votes that are trusty and true,

Ballots that count for your country, crosses that have the right hue.

Placed by the names that are worthy, to lead our dear Canada on,

Placed for the brave boys who've fallen,

And the heroic example they've shown.

Oh! let not their blood rise, against us,

To condemn our actions to-day,

Remember the pledge that is ours, and the vote that is ours to sway,

And hurl back the forces of evil, show to the few anti-men, Who dare to lead 'Canada backward,'

Into trouble and sorrow again.

Hasten our men, and our women, whose sons have gone down in this war,

Let no party politics sever you, from doing your duty right here.

For oft' times the battle that's hardest, is fought in our own hearts and lives,

The victory is surely the sweeter,

Because of the power it gives.

I ask you for all that is purest, and best in this country of ours,

Betray us not at election, but vote, for the clean union power.

We must have a people united; united in power for good;

Our fathers for 'Confederation,'

How loyal and worthy they stood!

We must move on with the nation; new thoughts and impulse be ours,

What if the 'new wine' is bursting, the old political powers?

Our creed must be advancement, and progress,

And will be, if united we stand;

Place the right men in power,

Who are fearless, and brave to command.

We haven't yet done our whole duty, who knows it may be only half?

Keep off your old party garments, and wear khaki along with the staff!

I've listen'd to quibbles, and nonsense, I've heard some foolish men talk;

But the question of paramount value, is Canada going to balk?

Not if her people are patriots, have British blood in their veins!

Not if her people are loyal, to uphold her sons that are slain!

Not if her people are stronger, wiser, and better than those,

Who are screaming and shouting pro-German,

I appeal to my country, and people, of every quarter, and cult,

Do not let the dear boys, who have fallen, ever have to bear an insult.

The battles at home may be stronger, and fiercer than those on the field,

But the force of the pen, and the ballot; and your voice—will cause them to yield.

We are fair Canada's daughter's! Our freedom's been won at a price—

We're people of lofty 'ideals,' we'll hold our domains standard high,

Never give place, to those who'd disgrace,

Or crush out our loved Liberty.

My country I know you'll be faithful, and true to the land of your birth;

True to the flag that protects us; true to the babes on our hearth.

True to the crown that rules o'er us, so long on ocean and plain,

True to our Grand Old Dominion,

And herald us victory again.

Kinley, Saskatchewan, December 5, 1917.

No Room for Gloom

MY heart doth long for change of scene,
Some sunny word or smile;
I long to hear the laughing breeze—
The lonely hours beguile.

To my wild heart I say, be still!

And rest you here awhile;
The song chimes on, in running rill,
And all fond nature smiles.

There's music in a merry laugh,

That cheers the heart of man,

There's sunbeams, in a sunny smile,

O'er dimpled cheeks that run.

For nature's glum, and mute, and chill,

To sadness holds a kin;

Their lives are much like muffled drums,

Though sounding—peals no vim.

This world needs sunshine, in our homes,
And sunshine, in our souls,
'Twill chase away the chilly gloom;
Dark clouds that vapour holds.

Our bodies bask them in the light,
The sunlight God has given:
Our spirits blend in fond delight,
For cheeriness makes heaven.

Love nurtures love, and fonder grows,
When fanned by cheery breezes,
But love grows sullen, love grows cold,
Where Arctic regions freezes.

So let us free, and blithesome be,
Our merry voices ringing,
For here's a heart, and here's a hand,
The love of freedom bringing.

Some live in hatred's mouldy walls,
Cobwebs, and mildew clinging,
No key will e'er unlock the door,
Nor set its hinges swinging.

Locked in, and chained, to foolish thoughts,
They're sore afraid to venture;
They live and die, amidst the plots,
Blindfolded in debenture.

They'll wake in regions far beyond,

Where thoughts, and things, grow larger;

Astonished at their narrow minds,

When on this side the border.

The God of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea,
His wisdom who can better?
Creation's laws doth all agree,
With ne'er a flaw nor fetter.

The lions in their hunger roar— The bees in chase of clover; They fly and flit, across the moor, And hum the summer over.

This grand old world, is filled with song, In mountain, glen, and river; The heart which unto "man" belongs, Quite oft' forgets the Giver.

I love the fields, I love the brook,
I love you distant mountains,
My soul enlarges as I look,
And gushes out like fountains.

Too soon the summer fades away,
And fades the morning glory;
We soon shall pass to worlds unknown,
Our lives are one short story.

As dew upon the tender grass,

That glistens in the morning,

Like teardrops falling from the lash,

Of those in house of mourning.

A loving smile, a tender word,

Perchance, may frame the dawning;

And comfort bring to hungry souls;

Like the shadows of an awning.

To trace the mind, in train of thought,

How swift we'd have to travel!

And fly o'er land, and sea about,

And enter dingy hovel.

'Tis good to talk, if thoughts are rich, And golden in their colour; Like raindrops falling in a ditch, Bad thoughts destroy the mirror.

I love to talk! I love to laugh!
In rain or sunny weather;
The clouds disperse, and the sky grows clear,
And friendships weave together.

The silent mutes may sit around,
Or sail their barks together;
Give me the merry winning ways,
Forever! and forever!

Toronto Island, Toronto, Ontario, August 5, 1902.

Depression

HAT means this word "depression," that we hear on every side?

The strangest thing about it, is, that, the trouble is world wide.

It is like an epidemic, that has spread throughout the land, And most every one is feeling the weight of its hard hand.

It is like a cog, that loosen'd, in a great large driving wheel, It stopped the works, within the shaft, that hoisted up the steel;

Men, and wits, are trying, to start the works again.

The engines, are too small to drive, so the trouble doth remain.

Three years of this we've passed through,
And the fourth one has begun,
The horizon looks no brighter, nor the shining of the sun.
Dark clouds are all about us, in commerce, and in trade,
The eye of the true artist, doth discern, both light and shade.

If life were all prosperity, with no dark days at all, The people then become so vain, they're riding for a fall; Depression! means, to humble; to cast down; to abase; Perhaps, that's what it's doing, Throughout the human race? There's much of sin, and wickedness, to manage, in its path,

The innocent, and guilty, doth both receive its wrath; It stalks abroad; regardless of its victims, or its foes, Reigning king of all the earth, and dealing staggering blows.

Through chastening, and poverty, the people start to think,

They sober down; grow stronger; even though their spirits sink.

Though we may not, understand; or e'en think aright, Just keep faith, and courage; and keep on in the fight.

January 28, 1933.

Motherhood

O women, of all the blessings, given,
Motherhood is the best,
The crowning glory, of our race, is found in her
true breast;

This gift, to her, is heaven born; created by our Lord, In covenant and sanctity; established in his word.

Happiness, and peace, and love, is found in motherhood, That sacred holy office, imbuing us with good. The propagator, of new lives, exalted, shall she be, As long as earth swings, in her orb—E'en in Eternity.

This world would be a dreary place, Without a mother's love:

man,

The sacrifice, she makes, in birth, is truly from above. The babbling voice of children, and the cultured mind of

We lay in laurels, at her feet, the praise is all her own.

The constant care, and guidance, a true mother's part in life,

The ceaseless, endless, watching, to her are ever rife. I could keep on forever, with my heart attun'd apace, The gift of God in motherhood, to a needy human race.

Hannon, Ontario, January 27, 1933.

The Belfry of St. George

THE Sabbath is here! 'tis the day of rest!

For the bell of St. George's I hear,

It sings, ding, dong! ding, dong! ding, dong!

With a sound both sweet and clear.

Its song rings out over valley and plain,
Making music, that charms the ear,
And the people gather to worship there;
And have done so, for many a year.

A little white church, by the side of the road,
Standing there so humble and still;
But its bell chimes out every sabbath morn,
While its door swing open, its seats to fill.

The children are there for the Sunday School,
With their little hearts, tender and open;
The truths of God's word they are drinking in,
By their teachers so kindly spoken.

Then we hear the hymn softly wafted along, "Jesus loves little children I know"

And the voice of the elder is lifted in prayer,
That God will his blessing bestow.

The Sunday School hour is over, and now—
The preacher his white robe adons:
The organ is pealing! The choir is there!
And now! from the vestry he comes.

"To God the Father be Glory!" he's saying,
The litany of St. George has begun,
The people are down on their knees responding,
"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son."

That little white church, with its shed in the rear,

Speaks to us of the days, past and gone,

When the worshippers came, in their humble attire—with

horses—

And their sleigh bells, chiming a merry song.

The snow birds were snugged, amidst the bare trees, Twittering their cold winter songs;

And tuning their voice to the sound of the bell,

As its anthem rings out, ding, dong! ding, dong!

The tombstones are marking the graves of the dead, Resting beneath the cold sod, and the trees;

They sleep on, so peaceful, so quiet, so long;

Through winter's frost pinching, and zephyr's soft breeze.

Rest on! slumber on! till the dark night has passed,
And the Master's reward you'll receive in that day,
Little birds sing your carolls, peal our loudly each note,
While the days, and the months, and the years, pass
away.

Little white church, with your belfry and song,
You grow older, the same, as the preacher and sage;
Many brides, at your altar, have given their troth,
With love's crowning glory, their labour and wage.

Then sing on! sing on! you sweet chiming bell,

Let your echo resound o'er mountain and hill,

You stand like a sentinel guarding your dead,

A landmark of mercy, peace, and goodwill.

Hannon, Ontario, April 4, 1930.

Greeting to Grandmothers

THANK you most heartily, for your kind invitation,
To bring "greetings to Grandmothers" present to-day,
I pay you glad homage, and I am thankful dear ladies,
The sweet memories of grandmothers, will ne'er fade
away,

Stern and exacting sometimes, we have thought them, When youth's rosy morning, shone fair on our brows; But oh, it was pleasant to have them to run to, And brush, away tears, when we got into rows.

Many grandmothers, are resting, beneath the cool shadows,

Of the trees that bend low, o'er the murmuring stream; Let us kindly, and lovingly, bring now our laurels, Treading softly! and silently! disturb not their dreams. Those were the grandmothers, that arose in the mornings, Astir at the first roseate tint of dawn; They were the mothers, the foundation laid firmly, That our great superstructure is now resting upon.

Yes! we can see grandmother, intent on her knitting, As she rock'd back and forth, in the old wicker chair; Summer, and winter, or in springtime, and harvest, Every spare minute, you would find grandmother there. Her skirts were much longer, flaring wide at the bottom, Trimmed with frills, and furbelows, and buttons galore, When on the Sabbath, she went forth to worship, Her crinoline, and bustle, she most certainly wore.

I see a vision of grandma, in her kerchief,
With border so quaintly, encircling her face,
If perchance 'twas the parson, she saw in the gateway,
She hurriedly donn'd a clean cap, with fresh lace.
Her bonnet was black, trimmed with feathers and ribbons,
Her form quite steady, though bending and thin,
Sometimes there were flowers, in this antique creation,
And a bow of long ribbons—tied under her chin.

Thus grandmothers were seen, in their kingdom and dowry,

Queens in their households, their only domain; Washing, and scrubbing,—baking, and churning, Milking the cows, chewing their cuds, in the lane. Mending the clothes, of their husband, and children, When oft' times, they all—were snugged in bed, Grandmother was sitting—her Bible beside her, As she stitched for others—her own soul she fed.

Gone! are the days, of this humble sweet picture,
Gone! are the mothers whom fostering they fed;
Gone! are the homes so humble, yet cleanly,
Where needs were so great, and many tears shed.
Gone, are the days, when grandmother went shopping,
With a large basket, of butter, and eggs, on her arm;
Trudging she went, on the footpath, by the roadside,
With never an "auto" to bring grief or harm.

Oh grandmothers! dear grandmothers! your memory we cherish,

Your lives, a sweet aroma, that will not fade away;
Your hardships, your trials, your afflictions, and sorrows,
Form a coronet, a halo, to stay with us alway.
Time, in its years, and its cycles, pass onward,
Bearing us mortals away, on its wings;
Soon are we forgotten, we're but frail dust, and ashes,
Remembered only by deeds; and what love, from them
springs.

I hail you! I greet you! dear modern grandmothers, You too, are the dearest, the sweetest, the best! This world would be lonely, and cheerless, without you, Though you're, not like the grandmothers, long laid to rest;

In dining, and supping, and toasting, in gladness,
In honour, we give you, the prestige, and prow,
How lovely, to know, that in lifetime you're cherished,
And flowers placed lovingly, upon your fair brow.

Hannon, Ontario, January 25, 1932.

Composed and read at the January meeting of the Adelaide Hoodless Branch, Women's Institute (Grandmothers' Day). Held at the home of Mrs. George Bethune, Ryckman's Corners, Ontario.

Christmas Day, 1908

WE HAIL thee blessed morning, with thoughts of warmest love,
And deepest adoration, our gratitude to prove,
In this the 20th century since Christ our Lord was born,
Our thoughts turn back, and bless the day, of that Eternal morn.

We see the shepherds travelling to the far distant East, To worship there our Saviour, their eyes on him to feast, We see the Star of Bethlehem, ablazing from the sky, It leads them safely onward, in answer to the cry.

On earth good-will-and-peace-to-men,
To God be glory great,
Hosannah's in the highest, proclaiming earth's bles't state,
Angelic hosts are chanting a Saviour's lovely birth,
Redemption from the hand of God, to all the sons of
earth.

Yes! born in a manger, our lovely Saviour lay,
Yet all the kings, and queens, of earth,
Their homage there might pay;
The Lord of Earth and Heaven, the Prince of Peace and
grace,

Was crowded to a stable, to sojourn among the beasts.

Oh! sacred incarnation; oh! holy motherhood,
The blessed of all the nation, in purity, sweet and good,
Who would not envy thee, thy place, among the ancient
host,

The crowning virtue of thy life, The blessed of the Lord.

Thou art such a bles't example, to all the fallen race,
To live a life of virtue, and of religious grace;
To be God's chosen vessel, to walk humbly and meek,
To know the Christ our blessed Lord,
His holy spirit seek.

Vancouver City, British Columbia, December 25, 1908.

Mrs. Busby's Baby

Our hearts are sad to-day;
The messenger of death has come.
And borne your child away.
Yes swift and fleet he came along,
And took her from your arms;
And Jesus shields her now "himself,"
From all earth's cruel harms.

A little rosebud, fair and sweet,
She tarried here awhile;
But our own dear Master had a place,
For his own darling child;
He is the author of all life,
He gave for one short time,
And then he stooped, and picked the bud,
And bore her safely HOME.

Oh, sister dear! we mourn with you,
We know it's hard to bear:
But in thy sorrow look to God,
He will thy burden share;
Your little "Doris" is at home,
In Jesus loving care,
And there she'll wait, until you come,
Her happiness to share.

Our God is good, he cannot err,
So trust him for his grace,
He'll give you strength, to bear your loss,
And wear a smiling face.
We cannot see, we do not know,
Just now! what is his will;
But rest assured, some day we'll know,
Oh! let us trust him still.

Then give to God, the honour due,
Unto his holy name;
And do not feel that he is hard,
But loves you just the same.
'Twill not be long, 'till we will all,
Be gathered home at last;
Then earth's few years of sorrow,
Forever—will have passed.

And we shall rest, in peace, and love,
And dwell forever more—

With those we've loved—and lost awhile—
On Heaven's Eternal shore.

So let your heart, sweet comfort take,
And look beyond the tomb;

Where our resurrected Lord now stands,
To cast aside the gloom.

In joy or grief, he is our help,
None other can we trust,
The bands of death, he cast aside,
He did it all for us.

Written for Mrs. Busby. Sympathy and love extended to you, in our Master's Name.

The Ladies' Aid Society, Kinley, Sask.

Harvest Time

On many a glad and listening ear;
The reapers clang, their music blends,
In breezes blowing far and near.
The ripened grain now rears its head,
Its golden beauty, richness lends;
The mellow light at sunset hour,
To kiss the golden heads it bends.

The dew comes softly falling o'er,
To shed her tears, in sorrow keen;
To see the short lived beauties fade,
The harvest glory, wax and wane.
The reapers come, their sound I hear,
Re-echo o'er the mountain side;
Till one by one, the sheaves are tossed,
In golden bundles, far and wide.

The farmers toil from morn till eve, Their busy hands doth know no rest; Till gathered safe into their barns, Those golden sheaves, in beauty dr'st; They sow in faith, they know no fear, The labour of their hands is sure; The God of harvests watches o'er, And blesses in abundant store. The sparrows fly from sheaf to sheaf, And twitter loud, their song of praise; The robins come with sparkling eye, Their louder, clearer notes, they raise. All feed upon the golden grain, Provided for them, year by year, Their little thoughts, conceive the truth, That love undaunted knows no fear.

The sunrise glow, just tints the hills,
And ushers in the new born day;
The dew lies glistening, on the fields,
The birds all warble forth their lay.
The sound of feet are heard to tread,
The path so oft' they've gone before,
The farmer's voice resounds so clear—
While whistling to his horses four.

Come Nance! and Bob! and Chief! and Dick!
Your master has enjoyed his rest,
Come, and your coats I'll quickly slick—
And buckle on your week day dress.
Forth to the fields, we must away,
And toil beneath the scorching sun,
True labour's honest, and will pay,
When faithfully our labour's done.

So to his fields the farmer hies,
And soon the noisy reaper's heard:
Its sound co-mingles with the breeze,
Till silent nature's heart is stirred;
And bends in love to view the scene.
Those sturdy hands, which hold the reins,
Are toiling for the "nation's bread,"
And oft' receive, the smallest gains.

'Tis good to see that honest men,
With honest hearts will till the soil,
Not looking for the glories then,
That others seek 'mid fume and foil.'
And toil the rugged road to fame,
To gain esteem, and praise of men—
With hopes oft' dashed beneath the ground,
The soul has fled; no glories won.

But still the farmer's toil goes on, With few to pity nor to help, Oft' struggling in the field alone, The fiercest of his battle's won. His labours shall have sure reward, Though buried to the sight of men: The God of harvest, he is Lord, His victories have but begun.

His righteous hand doth count the cost,
The fulcrum's laid, it cannot fall;
For know the farmer is the man,
That holds the "super-structure" tall,
The seedtime, and the harvest grand,
For centuries, the world has spanned;
Though frowned, and hissed, the farmer weaves,
The brightest of the golden sheaves.

Toronto Island, July, 1902.

Farewell

EAR Friends! a little cloud has risen,
And stretches far across the sky,
And o'er our hearts it's misty vapour,
Has settled, as we say good-bye.
For many years you've dwelt among us,
In peace, and unity so true;
As to the West you hasten onward,
Regrets! we feel to see you go.

It brings to mind, sweet days of pleasure, We've spent within your friendly home; In fond remembrance now, we treasure, Those happy days, that's come and gone. Your welcome smile, we hailed most gladly; Your cheerful words have courage given; 'Tis good to think, that friendship's offering, Holds bands that never shall be riven.

And now "dear friends" as you shall leave, Our greetings, one and all extend, We wish you happiness serene, As months and years, together blend. May prosperous, all your future be! And health her golden wand display; And sunshine beam, through any cloud, That might obscure the brighter ray.

There comes a time, when words oft' fail,
To frame the thoughts, our hearts would speak;
Then silence thrusts, her sacred darts,
And heals the wound, that words might reak,
Oh! may we feel that sacred power,
And bow supreme, before its sway,
Words seem so void of music now,
To soothe our lonesomeness away.

We say good-bye! 'may be forever,'
Or may be only for a time;
If in this world, our pathway's severed,
We'll hope to meet, in a brighter clime.
So drooping hearts ne'er be despondent,
For faith, a brighter wreath may weave;
And place around, your distant landmark,
The trees, of "Home Sweet Home," you leave.

So once again we swell the chorus,
To cheer you with our gladsome song;
Long may you live, to reap the harvest!
Of your fruitful, labours sown.
And when nestled, in the bosom,
Of the far and distant West,
Let your memories, sometimes linger,
On the loving friends you've left.

Written for Mr. Robert Jacques and family, when they left Singhampton, Ontario, for their new home in Weyburn, Saskatchewan, March 10, 1902.

Purity

OOK into the folding leaves, of a tiny flower,

Smiling freshness, in your face, in the morning hour;

Can we there a lesson learn? What is there to sully? In this flower spotless; pure; eyes that's trusing fully.

Natures God doth here shine out, teaching us a lesson,
To raise our eyes and look about; in gloom there is no
blessing,

If a flower thus can shine, praising its Creator, Aught we ever to repine? We are so much greater.

What's the secret of your life? I ask with great desire—
To know your life, that sheds on me, this fragrance I admire;

"I'm pure in thought, and actions too, living to inspire—
This cold world, with rays of light, I'm growing higher!
higher!"

Then the maiden blushed and sighted, caught the inspiration,

Raised her feeble voice in prayer; began a decoration; Make my life as pure, and sweet, oh, my heavenly Father, As this flower at my feet, to praise thee, and not waver. And as I look o'er earth, and sky, everything is beaming, With the beauties of thy love, in the landscape gleaming—

All the birds are warbling forth, happy songs of praise, Carolling their anthems, through the live-long days.

The cattle grazing in the field, "showing sweet content," They are thankful alway, for thy blessings sent; For they're cared, and tended by their owner's hand, Thus they saunter lazily; and nothing more demand.

We, thy higher creatures; frown when days are dark, Wishing for the sunshine, never to depart,
Never count our blessings; though they many be,
Living for the pleasure, of each passing day.

If we knew the comfort, in the secret prayer, We would leave the worry, and be "often there," If we proved thy faithfulness, as the moments fly, In our many actions, we wouldn't God deny.

"Oh! the wondrous power, of thy mighty hand," We feel its very presence, in the passing wind; We stand in meditation; communing with the dust, Of which we form a part, with all its hateful lust.

We close our eyes in silence, and look into our hearts, To see if any secret fault, is lurking there in parts, We ask thy holy Spirit to turn the flashlight on, And show unto us clearly, the miseries of sin. Why should I not be happy, and pure as any flower, That sheds its sweet aroma, broadcast upon the air? The question seems so simple, to my inquiring mind, I even smile, and wonder, what answer I shall find.

I ask the babbling water that's coursing in the brook, And gushing forth in ecstacy, along its shady nooks? "Be just content to run your course and never wish to be, A wide and mighty river, that empties in the sea."

"Be just content," the river said, although I'm not so deep,

As the sea; to which I hasten, I murmur not but sweep— The landscape o'er; with my current's dashing spray, "And the waters never fail me, but return another day."

The sea made answer, in her depths of waters dark and blue,

The winding river's story: a thousand times "'tis true," I spread my glistening bosom, to the rising of the sun, And the whole of life's best "glory" is when our work's well done.

I roll toward the ocean, with its hard and briny spray,
With its tide; and deep commotion, that thunders on
alway,

I stop to ask the question; is life here worth your while? To roar, and rage, so boisterous, in such incessant toil?

My strength is in my roaring, my seething waters tell—
The mighty God hath made me; "who doeth all things well,"

You could not do without me, I span the world around, And bread for many nations, by my proud depths are found.

"I'm just like the little flower, that smiles into your face," I stay content and happy, in my own appointed place; Wishing not for lordly honours, nor yet for empty fame, And when the twilight gathers, you will find me just the same.

So I looked into my own heart, and I thought—
Ah! can it be—
That a flower thus shall chide me, for the things,

I cannot see?

Nature proves my story truthful, and her theme, I can't deny;

We must give the best, and purest, Growing higher—"Day by day."

Kinley, Saskatchewan, December 21, 1911.

Daffodils and Tulips

PRETTY daffodils of springtime,
Tell me all about your life!
Where you've come from, and what doing,
In this lonely world of strife?

We are cousins to the tulips,

For you'll see our latent bulbs,

Sprouting up from earth's dark surface,

From our ice-bound writer's tomb.

We have snuggled close together,

Through the long, cold, winter time,
Till the rays of April sunshine,

"Touched us," with its life sublime.

Then we nodded to each other,

Said "good morning" in our glee;

For our bed could not retain us,

When the time came to be free.

We had lain, so still, so dormant,

Till earth's resting time is o'er,

But our God, who thus has formed us,

Calls us into life, once more.

So we rise, in spring's glad morning.
And put on our golden dress,
For all nature now is stirring,
True to form, and loveliness.

My dress of yellow, I will don,
And bloom so fresh, and sweet,
To cheer the lonely traveller,
If he chances me to meet.

My friends the tulips, are growing too,
They dress in gaudy splenour,
In rainbow hues, and tints they flaunt,
Co-mingle, and engender.

There is a secret in our lives,
You might well ponder over,
We're silent messengers of love,
Our language, and our colour.

We live for rich, we live for poor,
We live to scatter gladness,
We live to fill each life with cheer,
To chase away your sadness.

Our home, it is in Holland, that fair land,
Of shrubs, and beauteous flowers;
Transplanted far across the seas,
We live to grace "your bowers."

And when the voice of spring we hear,
Throughout the God of nature,
In resurrection dress we rise,
Just like you higher creatures.

We're short lived beauties, but we love,
To scatter perfume widely;
We brighten homes, we brighten halls,
Quite cheerfully and sprightly.

Our great Creator made us all,
Our species, with our colours,
Inherent life within our bulbs,
This secret, is in our nodules.

And every year when springtime comes,
We rise in resurrection;
An emblem of immortal life,
The life, that's true perfection.

I love your graceful nodding heads,
I love your transient beauty,
Your freshness, and your perfume lives,
In memories, deep and lasting.

You short lived beauties die away,
But you have lived for others,
This lesson you impress on all,
To childhood, youth, and mothers.

We too shall rest beneath the soil,

When our life's work is finished,

We too, shall resurrected be,

If we trust, and live in Jesus.

The secret mystery of all life,
Is beyond our comprehension;
The bulb, the blade, the stem, the bud,
And the full blown flower.

We watch each process, in its turn,
And gaze, in mystic wonder,
The revelation of the flower,
"God's works," drives man's asunder.

We behold their beauty, and their form,
But their origin, is created;
Our faces Godward, then we turn,
For in "God," all Life is hidden.

Composed, and read, for the Anglican Ladies' Aid, Hannon, Ontario.

April 9, 1931.

To Mrs. (Dr.) Bingham

East Seattle, Washington.

Y dear Friend, I a line will send,
To show you that my thoughts do trend,
And wind themselves in many ways,
To think of you throughout the days,
Since you have left, our little town,
And made your home, where 'great renown,'
Around you spreads, her vernal wing,
Which speaks of one continuous spring.

I hope that you have stronger grown!

Since from our midst you far have flown,
And since the last, and kind hand-clasp,

Stern winter's held us in his grasp—

Of frost, and ice; but cover'd not—this dear old world—

with mantle wrought—

In flakes of snow—until they dres't—

Her bosom with the whitest crest.

I many, many, times would say,
A letter now, 'I'll send to-day'
To Mrs. Bingham—but alas—
The days, and weeks, would all fly past,
And Margaret's letter—just in thought—
Was flash'd across the continent.
But thoughts are things, and really live,
And oft' times they much pleasure give.

I hope that you have thought of me, When those fingers oft' would busy be, A friend indeed, whom we all loved; "A mother in Israel," you have proved, A grandma, kind, and good, and true, The younger all, have found in you, Please do not think because your face, Is absent from us, that your grace, And patience; has not left behind, The fragrance of a lovely mind.

A life well spent, a good life,
That keeps serene, amidst the strife,
Of earthly toils, and pains, and griefs,
Enlarges, as it older grows—and leaves
An impress, where it 'bides,' that never,
Never, never dies!

This, the peace the world knows not, That in these earthen vessels fraught, The potter moulds the clay—and makes, A vessel, for his own, 'name sake.'

I hope your visit you've enjoy'd, Although I hear, that you've employ'd, An Osteopath to treat the pain, You've suffered from, so long in vain, Oh, what a blessing will be yours, If of that pain, you can be cured, A freedom there, will come to stay; To give you rest, both night and day.

The news around, I will not write, Your daughter, will have sent you that, But just this little verse to please, Both you, and me, and thus to ease, My guilty conscience, for I feel, My negligence, and thus I steal The morning hours, to spend with you, To weave my lyric, fond and true.

The springtime's burst upon our land, But not in measure, or in span, With nature's glorious mountain garb, Profusely dres't in flower, and shrub, And streamlets murmuring, on the air, The songs of birds, heard everywhere, The tender grass, to greet the gaze; With balmy showers, and misty haze: And fleecy clouds, in billowy shape, That hover over, your fair landscape.

Ours is grass of brownest hue, With crocuses, just peeping through, A bowlful on my table rests, Which Georgie Johnson pluck'd, and dres't, He brought them yesterday at noon, But our short liv'd beauties die so soon. The wind is howling round our home, It swells the anthem, 'Spring has come.'

I hope that you will soon return,
And with us yet, a while sojourn,
Your cosy room is waiting long,
Your feather-bed, so high and warm,
To greet their Mistress, and declare,
"How lonely, they have been back here.'
Their arms to you they'll open wide,
And whisper "welcome" on every side.

And now, dear friend, farewell I say,
Lest I should weary you, with my lay,
Accept my love, and kind regards,
And poet heart, with all its scars,
These imperfections brand, quite plain,
In hieroglyphic of mind, and brain,
I trust that these few scatter'd thoughts,
May find you well—enjoying much,
Of this world's goods and happiness.
Now! do not pine, or lonesome be,
For well you know, as well as me,
That "God is love," and everywhere,
We are at home, beneath his care.

May I expect, providing you—
May feel inclined to answer this;
I promise you, that it shall be,
A souvenir, from you to me,
A cherished article of worth,
Because your age, shall make it such,
And now "adieu," again I say,
'Till we shall meet some other day,
Lovingly, I am your friend,

Margaret G. Lang Miller, Kinley, Saskatchewan, April, 1912.

The Loss of the Titanic

April 15, 1912.

HE world is mourning—in sorrow and grief,
Is heartbroken: prostrated: we find no relief;
Our sorrow gives vent, to the fast falling tears,
O'er the most appalling calamity,
That's happen'd in years,
Or ever indeed, since the world's earliest date,
Has the Atlantic e'er witness'd, a more cruel fate,
Than the loss of our loved ones, the brave of our land,
Who were hurl'd to their death, by the iceburg's cold hand.

When tearing along through the ocean's cold wave,
They thought their Leviathan trustworthy, and safe,
All were so confident, no harm could come,
Ee'n though the iceburgs, around them did roam!
They madly rushed on, for a record in "time,"
That the world might applaud,
"Say Bravo!" "Well done!"
But the elements whisper'd together, and laughed,
For they seen that 'man's vanity,' soon was to be quaffed.

'Twas the one day in seven, 'twas 'God's holy day,'
When people worship, and take time to pray,
But I note in the records, of this mighty ship,
Not one has e'er witnessed, that ever a lip,
Or a tongue did confess, both in prayer or in praise,
To give glory to God; and acknowledge his ways;
In banqueting late, they sat 'round the board,
To the god of this world, their worship outpour'd.

Our Father is a righteous, an all loving one, But yet he in justice, and mery combine, Oh yes! he is jealous, when from him we rob, The love that we owe him, The creatures he's formed.

His laws, are unchangeable, holy and fix'd, In heaven, and earth, and all things betwixt; If we transgress, disobey, or forget, We'll find he's the God of Belshazzar yet.

If this great sorrow; that's cast over our land,
Is from our dear Father, his chastening hand?
We're stricken, yes! smitten, we're stunn'd,
And we're fell'd,
An awe-inspiring spirit, that inward compel,
A humble contrition! a penitent plea!
For God's mercy, on those, who are saved from the sea.
We lovingly feel, that Christ's spirit was there,
That the brave heroes, who died—
His glory shall share.

It may never be known, the why? of the wreck,
But a picture is left in our mind, of the deck;
Where o'er a thousand sad lives,
The death angel hung,
Yet with courage undaunted, they plunged to their doom;
If in life they forgot, the high-calling for all,
In their death, they have kindled, that light for the world;
The "word" teaches plainly, its precepts to live by,
But the Titanic heroes, taught this world how to die!

All honour is due, to those brave men, of our land,
They were God's heroes, and noblemen, there to
command,

That army; with death's icy hand, on their brow, In self-sacrifice, they labour'd—
That the weaker might go.

Much praise for such women, heroic and strong, Who stayed with the ship, and with her, went down, They've marked a new epoch! Their death light shall shine, And prove to the world, of their spirit sublime.

We who are living: oh! let us take heed,
The world has gone crazy, over racing and speed,
Where is the profit; when the stakes, are pulled in?
A long list of good, innocent creatures, are slain,
May the eyes of the world, long rest on that grave,
And remember the place,
Where the Titanic's brave,
Gave their souls, for a ransom, and their bodies to lie—
Two thousand fathoms, low, in the depth of the sea.

You, our dear friends, all you who now live,
We feel you are saved, from the mouth of the grave,
We know you are mourning, for loved ones you've lost,
The world's weeping with you,
Our sympathy's cast;
With subdued loving, kindness, we lay at your feet,
A prayer for kind 'mercy' to strengthen you yet—
The sweet balm of Gilead, to pour on your heads,

Kinley, Saskatchewan, April 23, 1912.

While you live 'midst' the battle, and struggle of life.

Serving

(To a Nurse)

A T this bles't season of the year, my mind reverts to you,

I love to think I have a friend, a friend that's

really true;

A friend that's aiming, not at fame, or what this world can give,

But has chosen that of serving, the highest life to live.

Our Master chose the 'serving life,' far reaching in its aim. In sweet humility, and love, he healed the sick and lame. He lived to bear the burdens, of a weary careworn world, At the vain and empty hearts, his stern rebuke he hurl'd.

I'm glad to know, in this our day, there's women staunch and true,

Who live the same 'old story,' and make it ever new. Down through, all the ages, this torch has brightly burn'd. E'en through a cold and callous world, Its richest love have spurn'd.

There's nothing greater in this world, than to do a kindly deed,

And to 'tend the sick, and suffering, in their hour of need. To help smooth out the pillow, for a weak and tired head, Watching with patient love, and care, beside a sick-bed.

This world needs more of serving, and less of empty show, There's hearts that's aching! aching for the love they'll never know;

Unless the hands of some kind friend, can weave a laurel green,

And place it on the head of those, who pass along unseen.

It may be common flowers, that by the wayside grow,
But when entwin'd by loving hands, what a halo they
throw,

Around the sick and lovely ones, what messengers of love, Bespeaking words the world forgets, as unthinkingly we move.

Oh! let us not forget the claims, of those who give us cheer,

Let us bear them in our minds, throughout the live-long year,

Send a word to brighten; messages that live;

Within the hearts of those we love, if gold we cannot give.

Your path be strewn with roses, though the thorns may pierce your hands,

Your life be one of gladness, though stern duty it commands;

Your thoughts be those of sacrifice, to serve a purpose pure,

The high 'ideals,' you strive to win, may they through life endure.

I thank you at this glad New Year, for your good care of me,

I thank you for your kindness, and gentle courtesy; I see your face in memory's eye, your shining eyes of blue, I ponder on the pathway, this world has marked for you.

Accept this simple message, composed for you, my friend, May our loving friendship, continue to the end, Though time and space, divide us, I'll always bless the day, I met a little white-capp'd nurse, just serving on her way.

To Miss Fern Gregory, Hamilton General Hospital, May, 1922.

My Vision

H! let me have a high ideal, and stretch my hands thereto,

And give to me a "vision" of the world I'm passing through!

And let my vision bear me, on its golden wings of love; Till my soul has caught its rapture; And my hands its mission prove.

And if into a hamlet, I am asked to rule and reign, Then let my life be lived the best, the best I can attain; Forgetting all the trials, and the cares that press each day: Oh! let my spirit wander, from out this house of clay. There is not a task so menial, that can hold my spirit fast, For as my hands are working, my eyes are peering past; And looking far beyond the things,

When serving shall be o'er,

And the "commonplace" things of life, shall trouble me no more.

So my footsteps trudge along the road, that has many a rugged hill:

And my vision bears me onward, with a sense of all good-will:

My life is brimming over, with the tasks, I find to do; I have no time to sit and mope, the whole day through!

There is something good in everything: if we try to see the best,

Then let our vision higher rise, until we reach the crest— Where the sun is shining brightly, and dispersed the clouds of gloom:

For our tasks, may only be half done, and the time be only noon.

Oh! be not discouraged, though your heart is aching sore, The cross will not be heavier, than we can nicely bear; For minds that have a "vision," and hands that have a task:

Are a thousand times happier, than the vain and idle rich.

Composed and written for the Blackheath "Women's Institute," November 6, 1922. Held at the home of Mrs. Jas. Muir.

The Faithful on Duty

HAVE a recollection, of a friend I met last May, At seven in the morning, she came along my way, She took my temp—felt my pulse, with water splash'd me o'er.

She tossed my bed, then made it smooth, Yes! smoother than before.

I looked into her kindly eyes. Then said,
'I guess you'll do!'

I feel that you will be my friend, and
I'll be one to you;

Affinity of't springs at once, for some we chance to meet,
Other ones may pass us by, whom we decline to greet.

A kindly heart, a kindly word, of't tell the secret true, It touches depths within our soul, that's known perhaps to few.

This world would be a better place, for you and me to live, If we would share others' sorrows, In the blessing of 'to give.'

To Miss E. Gastle, Nurse, General Hospital,

Hamilton, Ontario, May, 1922.

The Sermon

I'VE worshipped in thy house to-day, and heard the choir sing,
"All glory, praise and honour, to our heavenly King."
The dear old anthem I have sung, some fifteen years ago,
It tuned my heart to sing God's praise, in accents sweet and low.

"His mercy endureth forever," the blessed anthen rang, "His Kingdom hath no ending," the faithful choir sang, He loveth his dear children, and watches over all, His promise never faileth; to hear the fainest call."

My heart was swell'd with gladness; a peaceful holy love, Was resting in the sanctuary, as gentle as a dove, The organ peal'd its melody, in tones so soft and sweet. I know the Eternal Spirit, o'er shadow'd, the mercy seat.

The minister spoke rightly, how God's work should be first,

But man with man, has business, and with it were athirst.

They thought of earthly pleasures, and crowding out the

Christ.

Who died to save and keep us, if we kept with him our tryst.

He spoke of many nations now warring to the death,
Of jealousy, and hatred, of strife, and great bloodshed;
Of struggling for victory, to wield an earthly power;
And how our Lord, had prophesied, that we would have this hour.

It need must come upon the earth, and thus fulfil his word,

"But the end is not yet," our Saviour said—

"Till all these had occurr'd-

Earthquake, and famine, too; were in this death and woe, Iniquity should flourish, and the devil's kingdom grow."

"He that endured until the end, let not his love grow cold, He should be saved, and then should live, forever with the Lord,"

He called for earnest workers, to give their heart and hand, To help along this mighty cause, to keep a Christian land.

The Church had one foundation, and that is Christ our Lord.

She stood for love, and liberty, throughout the entire world,

The church was calling loudly, she needed men to help: To raise the standard higher, for righteousness and truth. The soldiers on our streets to-day, were drilling for our King.

To save our country's 'Liberty,' that freedom's right might win.

Our soldiers in the trenches, were giving of their blood, To uphold our Christian principles: written in God's word.

Should we then live as laggards, and nothing do at all?
When this world needed daily, the best from one and all?
Let each one do his little part, and give as God had bless'd,
To carry on his glorious work, and in his promise trust.
Deny ourselves those pleasures, that to our hearts were
dear,

And rally 'round Christ's standard, with energy and cheer.

Be determined once for all. The race to surely win,

By working for our Conqueror—The Christ—our only

King.

Composed from hearing Rev. Wylie Clarke's sermon, Sunday morning, March 21, 1915. Preached in Knox Presbyterian Church, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

The Light-House by the Lake

A monument erected, in days gone by:

A structure of stone, and mortar, and wood,

For almost a century, this land-mark has stood.

It's beacon light, has reflected afar,

And cast its gleams, like a brilliant star,

To guide the mariners, safe into port—

This beacon light, has held the fort.

Its noble old head, so proudly rear'd,
Ne'er a storm of the elements, e'er has feared;
For it's weather'd, the fiercest gales,
Through the years.
When vessels have sunk, and their crew in tears,
And frantic their cries, and imploring for help;
As they clung to a spar, of the shatter'd ship,
And the proud waves rolled with a vengeance a'kin—
To the cyclone's roar, or the battle's din.

Where destruction, and death, are borne along,
By those swift wing'd monsters, with clash and clang,
The foam on their crest, leap'd and lash'd, in a rage—
As they fiercely hurl'd, and wryth'd, and wrung,
The spar, from the perishing, drowning ones.

But the lights shimmer'd far, o'er the— Lake's broad breast, As they swung on their pivots, and knew not rest; From the twilight's hour, till the break of morn; Their faithful gleams, hail'd the raging storm.

And me thinks they wept, as their lights grew dim, And the rosy morn, was usher'd in,
To behold a scene of confusion, and foam,
With a lifeless body waft'd along.

A maiden whose life, was tender and young, Whose heart beat to music of "love's sweet song;" Whose hopes soar'd high, as the lark on her wing; Cold waves, here's thy victory, "and death thy sting."

PART II

The faint gleams of day, had just tinted the East, And the oriole's song, warbl'd forth on the breeze: That hasted along its homage to pay, And greet in thanksgiving, the new born day. And ripple the leaves, in the twelve willow trees; Till their silvery tongues, are loosed, with delight. And embracing, and laughing together they play; Till the autumn frosts, cause them, to fade away And fall from their branches, in red rumpl'd heaps—And yellow, and golden, and brown, in their shade—They lie in the hollows, all crush'd and decay'd.

The beacon lights flash, on these scenes, year by year, As they tower o'er "eighty feet high," in the air, And the weather vane views, from his throne on the top, The sand-bars, the ponds, and the brown muskrats; Who build themselves houses, of rushes and mud, And pack them together, so quaint, and so odd, And snuggle therein, through the long winter months, Till the voice of the blue-jay, resuming his haunts; Reminds them; that springtime's again at our door.

The winter has passed, and the frost white and hoar,
The light-house was veiled; through the lone winter
months,

Alone and forgotten, it heard the wind-gusts—
That blustered around it, and whistl'd and shriek'd
Like the "wild-cat's cry," on the mountain peaks.
For the light-keeper's feet, were ne'er heard to sound,
On the stairs that ascend, 'round and 'round;
When trimming his lamps in the morning hour,
As was his wont to greet, this illumine tower,
To polish, and shine, the reflectors each day,
To guide the mariners, safe o'er their way.
But its lights gleam not, o'er the wintry sheath;
And the spot where it stands, is dark beneath,
Save the light of the twinkling stars, and the moon,
As she rides now queen, in her silvery dress,
And her beams reflect, on the Island, and Lake;
And in diamonds they sparkle, on starry snow flakes.

She shines so clear, so pure and so tender,
The light-house is touched, in love and wonder;
She has gazed on her course, near a hundred years,
As she has travell'd the sky, in her aerial sphere,
And year by year, her bright face has risen,
In balmy June, and the bright tints of autumn,
In December's storms, and April's showers,
In seedtime, and harvest, and New Year's honours,
Have crown'd her in landscape, and lake, and forest.

She shines for the lovers, when strolling at eve, And softly she scatters her silvery waves; And whispers a message of love so tender, As onward she rides, our queen, and defender. But the old beacon lights, have stories to tell, The stories which nearly a century swell.

Her forefathers long have been sleeping in dust,
And only in memory, their visage exists,
Their lifework is ended; their glory is won,
And centered forever, around the "white throne,"
Their children have risen, their names to prolong,
And burnish, and gild, in honour and fame,
They've grown to manhood, in the shade of its frame,
Their name is unsullied, their laurels are won,
For light-house, and Durnan, together are one.
The third generation, in Durnan's name lives,
To prove that their principles' honest, and good.

They're linked to the light-house, by fortune and name; Four-score season, they have seen, wax and wane. Oh! long may they live, their honour to show, And long may the vessels sail here, to and fro, And long may the "Union Jack," float high in the air, To grant them their freedom, to sail anywhere.

PART III

The light-house took notice, one bright sunny day, Three silver-haired boys engaged in their play, In paddling, and rowing, around on the ponds, In sailing their kites, and hoisting storm drums, And swimming the waters, like three little ducks; The beacon lights laughed to see them so free, And joined in their mirth, though so old and so gray.

Their mother instill'd, in their minds young and tender, The love of their God, "Our Almighty Defender," She taught them to read, in his word, blessed truths, To lisp on their tongues, "his Infinite love."

But as they grew older, their mother grew sad,
For ne'er on this island, a school could be had,
She pined for her boys, and wished they could move,
Just o'er to the city, the city she loved.
To be educated in English, and French,
Her ambition arose; and not water could quench—
The thought. That to school her boys must be sent.

So off to the school-board, she hasted away,
To lay her petition, before them so plain;
That o'er on the Island, a school should remain;
And in a short time the light-house was pleased,
And for a companion, the school-house was built,
Three curly haired boys, passed her door in the morn,
To learn from this teacher, the lesson that she—
Was labouring, and seeking, to teach them each day.

They ponder, and muse, these old beacon lights,
As they twist, and they turn, on their pivots by nights,
The old reminescence, come back to their mind,
When this Island, was only, a desolate wild,
And she stood here alone, for no company had she,
Save the birds, the wild ducks, and the old bumble bee.

About as far back as eighteen twenty-two,
Her lights began flashing, on somebody new,
The Indians, espied her sequestered old haunt,
Then they boldly came forward, and placed here a fort,
Their troops were soon numbered, by one, two, and three;
The "Hurons," the "Mohawks," and dark "Iroquois."

The Island they pillaged, for plunder and game, And danced to the music of water, and wind; They built their camp-fires, to blaze, 'neath the stars, When dancing, and revelling, here in their wars; "Hiawatha" was played, in nature's crude form, And sweet Minnie-ha-ha, came rippling on. Together they played while the sun sank to rest,
Refulgent in splendour, the western sky dres't,
And there as the shadows, of evening crept on,
The bon-fires blazed, on sand bar and shore,
Till their lurid light shone, like a comet afar;
Or a rainbow encircling a cloud in the East,
As the sun pays her homage its beauty to dress,
And the waters rolled on, 'till in breakers were formed,
Embracing the pebbles, within their strong arms,
They tossed, and they flung them, far out on the sand,
And in vain tried together, to lengthen their wand.

But sympathy shone, from the lights in the tower,
And its corn-flower beams, rested, tender and mellow,
Alone it has watched the breakers at play,
And frowned, when in anger they tore away—
The sand; and the pebbles, the trees,
The tall rushes;
That cuddled too close, to its ruthless waters.

PART IV

But soon came the days, when the Huron's glory, Was only a vision, or white man's story, The tomahawks, fled, from the lighthouse bower. Was driven away to the backwood's haunts, To chase the deer, the partridge, the plover, And shoot their arrows, the summer over.

The Island had been a haunt for the Iroquois, Save only the light-keeper, who then was king; And monarch of all, this long Island wing.

In eighteen seventy-two, the Island was claimed, To be one of nature's, enchanting domains, And presently, boats were hoisting their sails, To spy out the beauties, old nature assailed; And soon came Canadians, flocking to build, Their houses, so quaint, yet pretty, and new, To rest on the terrace, the long summer through.

The beacon lights danced, 'till they shook the old tower,
To think that "alone" they should stand here no longer,
And dotted along, from Hanlan's point, to the Park,
Bright electric lights, are throwing their sparks,
The Island is now, a blaze, and a glare,
Enchanted like "fairy land" most everywhere,
A sick children's hospital looms in its West,
Where suffering children, may have their wounds dress't.

And soft summer zephyrs, to fan their sweet faces, And smooth from their brows, the suffering traces; With white-capped, nurses to wait by their side, And doctors for every need to provide, And kind loving hearts, to come and caress, To cherish, to brighten, to relieve their distress.

Over this scene, the beacon lights hover, So glad, that they're resting, so near to the centre; For far to the West, and far to the East, The Island is dotted, with houses, and trees; The tourists come, from far, and from near, Its beauties of nature, and pleasures to share.

Stretching themselves, at length, on its beach, Enjoying the breeze, and a warm sun bath, Their hearts are drawn to old Gibraltar, To splash, and to bathe, in her silvery lake; The virtues of wind, and sun, and water, Combine to invigorate, strength, and nurture: The natures that flag, and faint, and falter.

I welcome you all, to my friendly retreat,
And my lights, they shall sparkle, your friendship to greet;
Your bright sunny faces, they shorten the hours,
I compare them to naught, but the sweetest flowers,
That bloom in the summer, this fair world to greet,
And fragrance, diffuseth, both early and late.

To the Boys

And wherever your home, far away, or quite near, Let your life be a rosebud, unfolding each year, Until, when life's rosy morning, has passed, Your leaves all unfolding, expose at last, A centre so golden, in bright loving deeds, That should the winter of life, hasten on; The frost of pollution, will ne'er enter your home.

Nor pluck off a leaf, from your centre of gold,
Nor cause you to languish, in body or soul.
May your actions be perfume, to brighten the way,
Where'er your footsteps, may wander or stray;
And when pluck'd from earth, and transplanted in
Heaven;

May a crown of redemption, your portion be given.

MAGGIE G. LANG, August 26, 1902.

Toronto Island, Toronto, Ontario.

This poem was composed at the home of my aunty, the late Mrs. George Durnan, Toronto Island, two years before my marriage. I had sufficient composed, to make a book in 1908, when our home was burned, and my loved manuscripts, were all consumed in the conflagration. This poem and several others before that date, have been handed to me by my relations.

MARGARET LANG MILLER.

Editorial

T'S well to have a little joke,
That way provoke some laughter,
The sanest mind, and brightest wit,
Sometimes have followed after.

When life is one monotonous grind, With little else to cheer us— The stoutest heart may sometimes faint, And perchance grow discouraged.

So here I come again to-night, With this jokous little paper. Which tells of everything it sees, In courtship, love, and caper.

'Tis good to have a merry heart, In sunshine, and in shadow, Rich blessings may that life impart, To many a weary traveller.

So let us gather roses, friends, And leave the thorns, for others; For life is far too brief to waste, In pursuing after troubles.

Kinley Observer—Literary Society, Volume 2, No. 2, Kinley, Saskatchewan, February 29, 1916.

The College Professor

His head was bent, and his hair was grey.
He thought of his childhood days, long past;
Of his parents so dear, long laid to rest.
Of his darling mother so good and true,
Of the prayers she taught him, when life was new.
Three score and five years, have passed away,
As he sits at his desk, lone and miserable.

"One prayer that my mother taught me I know, And this is the rhythm, that run to and fro.

'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep;

Guard me safely through the night, and let me see the morning light;

If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take;

And this I ask for Jesus sake.' 'Amen.'"

Those were the days, free from sorrow, and care,
Those were the days, wherein worship, and prayer,
Found their true place, in the homes, and the lives
Of the people at large; of both husbands, and wives.
A true living faith in their God, was their creed.
A trusting in him, to supply every need:
And often time, when needs, were found to be great,
They cried unto God, both early and late.

They worked, and they prayed; they prayed, and they felt A present help, was their God, every time that they knelt; Their trust was in God, and his Spirit was given; To comfort, to guide, and to lead, toward Heaven.

The knowledge of books, they cared little about, But the Bible was read, and believed without doubt. The why's, and the wherefore's, ne'er entered their mind, Jesus Christ was their Saviour; his love they had found.

Meditating now, on the beauty of this,
My lore, and my knowledge, seems just like a myth;
A transient vision, passing by like a cloud;
Leaving only with me a bier, and a shroud.
I have lived in the arts, and the science of men,
Their commandments, and doctrines, I've taught; but I ken—

There's a knowledge that's higher; vastly higher, than space;

That alas! is not being taught, to our students, and race.

Human nature is prone; forgetful of God.

Searching out for ourselves, a way that seems right;

To follow the paths, least resistance may tread.

In unbelief! to ponder, and question instead;

This spirit, has grown upon man, year by year,

He propounds, and explains, his theories without fear—

That man is sufficient, to be his own guide,

To trust to his reason, and therein abide.

I see this, a dangerous path, I have trod;
In leading young minds, away from their God.
The story of Adam, and Eve, I have taught—
As an allegory; or fable, of antiquated thought.
The story of Jonah, I have said is a fake;
That it has been proven, to be a mistake.
For ne'er has a whale, ever been found,
With a mouth in proportion, to swallow a man.

The conception of Christ, I have frankly denied; Robbing God of his essence, in the Spirit espied; The angel Gabriel's appearance, I could not believe, Nor his message to Mary, I would not receive. That man born of a woman, could be born Divine; I staggered at this, and refused to define: I forgot! that God in Creation, everlasting the same; Could bring forth a "SON," to honour his name."

God who stretched out the heavens; made planets and stars;

Formed the ocean's proud depths, said unto her, "thus far—

Shal't thou come, and no farther." Created the earth, and all

Things therein; long before vain man was created to sin. Surely! God by his holy Spirit, could speak into Being, In the womb of a virgin, without nature reviewing,

His own holy Spirit; to be incarnate in flesh; Without the lust of vain man, to enter the mesh.

Separated are earths "knowledge," and "wisdom" right here.

"For the wisdom of God, is folishness with men;
And the wisdom of this world, is foolishness with God."
The world is saying, "let me see, and I will believe."
God's word declares, "only believe, and verily thou shalt see."

Innocent, virtuous, Mary, believed in God's Presence, Overshadowing her body, to bring forth Divine Essence.

What a pity earth's knowledge, oft' hinders the work
Of the vision of God; as revealed in his WORD!
Oh, that men lived more simple, more honest, more true,
Would draw closer to God; than persuade something new.
For the foolish doctrines, and commandments of men,
Our God, in Christ Jesus; truly, doth them condemn.
That Jesus is God, is confirmed in his word,
From Genesis to Revelation, that knowledge is spread.

For a flaw, or a break, you are looking, vain man!
Not higher than the horizon of earth, do you scan;
For the natural heart, cannot see or believe!
Into your earth born fabric, simple faith must you weave:
And this seems the hardest task, for your brain,
Since you are concentrate, therein to remain.
But my fellow, and compeer! this! this! must I say,
That "GOD" is true DEITY, in his own holy way.

Man's knowledge may rise, and vaunt itself high, Believing a delusion, a falsehood, a lie; And men may teach youth, these delusions are true; And worship their gods, of these modern things,—new—And deny the "True God" his commandments, his laws, And thust them aside; believing they have a just cause, But the tiny blue flower, raising its pure face to the sun, Confutes, and confounds, magnanimous man.

To teach that vain man, in his existence, and birth,
Is a law sufficient, both in life and in death;
That he is monarch! sole counsellor! in all that is known;
Oh! horrible pantheism; drenched, and polluted with blood!

Your ugly grim visage, is making war on our youth,
Trying to reduce to fragments, God's righteousness and
TRUTH.

Rise up! dear Christ Jesus, rebuke this vile foe, That young men, and maidens, thy glory may know; Rise up! Oh Lord, hasten; rebuke, this false fiend, And a mighty revival, from heaven, please send.

April 2, 1931.

Sympathy

Y dear friend and sister, I've been thinking much of you,
And meditating on the bereavement, that you

have just passed through;

And thinking each and every day, a letter I must send, To convey to you our sympathy, to your family, and your friends.

It is hard to lose a sister, or a cherished one in life,

And look upon the vacant, place, that not long ago was rife,

With happy cheerful laughing; and a face just beaming o'er,

With sunshine and with gladness, which we shall see no more.

There are things too deep to fathom, or for us to understand,

The mystery of life and death, given by our Lord's command:

But if we live to serve him, and do his blessed will, We are not dead, but sleeping, for the Spirit's living still.

This is the Christian's blessed hope, the life beyond the grave,

Oh! what a consolation, that the Master came and gave, His own pure life, that all who trust in him, may ever dwell,

Where death and sorrow cannot come, at home beyond the vale.

So my friends, you do not sorrow, as those who have no hope,

Your sister has emerged from death, into a larger scope, Her cross is now abandon; the victor's palm she bears, And looks upon her Saviour's face, who wipes away all tears.

She has entered on the morning of Eternity's expanse,
She is bathing in Life's river, her spirit to enhance;
She is eating of the tree of life, which by the river grows,
And basking in the light of God, where that pure river
flows.

So put away your sorrow, and put on the garb of praise, For life is one long struggle, throughout our earthly days, And death is one grand victory, if to Jesus we belong, For we'll sing his praise triumphant in a glad new song.

Yes, we know the tomb is empty, and the spirit has gone home,

To the land of love and glory, and amidst it's beauties roam,

And the nebula so mystic, has been lifted from her eyes, As she suddenly departed, to her home beyond the skies.

But the best of all, and dearest, will be the meeting over there.

When fond hearts are united, and shall the blessing share; Of never-ending friendship, and peace, and joy, and love, Of families reunited in our blessed home above.

Composed for Mrs. Edward Laidman, on the death of her sister, Eleanor Shields.

The Old World in Noah's Time

When the world its own way is going,
The preachers may preach, and the teachers may
tell,

But the people, are slow in hearing.

Yes! Noah he pounded, and hammered away, A century, and more before he had finished, Methuselah (his grandfather) lived in that day. (His name means, "when he die, it shall be") And knew what his grandson was doing.

The ark Noah made, and the dimensions were large, True to pattern, he built and he formed it; His God he believed, when his voice to him said, Behold! I will destroy the earth, with great waters. To work Noah went, with a zest, and a will, He complained not unto his Maker; He knew the small voice of his God, was "truth," In the depth of his inmost nature.

The days and the months, and the years went by, And Noah, still worked with a fervor; What matter to him, if the whole world laughed, The ark of the testimony, in his soul spoke louder; He harkened to God, and went on with his work, Preaching judgment, to the wicked around him. When we pause to consider, what a strange thing it was, Just "eight persons" were saved from destruction. Upon the lower order of nature, our God had compassion, Saving beasts, birds, and reptiles, because they had sinned

not;

But man who is made and formed, like unto his Maker, Had transgressed and thus forfeit, and fallen much lower. Because of man's sin was the deluge sent down—And the heavens, were opened, to pour out their anger; "The spirit of God, will not strive, with man forever." The Judge of all the earth, will come sooner or later, And the avenging angel, will then, thrust in his sickle.

Methuselah lived! and he lived! and had existence; And the people wondered "if die he would ever?" But little they knew, that his living, meant salvation. For the same year, of the flood, Methuselah died. God took him to rest; then down rained the waters, Sin was overthrown; and the wicked destroyed.

Noah, and his family; the beasts; the birds and everything living

Were safely sealed, by God's hand in the ark.

Outside of that ark, there was death, and destruction;

Death reigned supreme throughout the whole earth.

But inside of that ark, there reigned peace, and safety,

Because the spirit of God, was abiding therein.

That ark is a type, of Jesus our Saviour,
He saves from the flood-gates, of sorrow and sin.
We're glad that our God, has said in his mercy;
"Never again, will I destroy man, from the earth by a flood."

And the bow of that promise, has come down, through the ages,

Re-assuring we creatures of death, of God's TRUTH.

Many epochs, have passed since Noah's ark floated On the face of those waters, so gruesome and dark; But we have the story, and those who believe it, May preach just like Noah, when building that ark! When his hammer resounded, o'er valley, and mountain, 'Twas a warning to all, who lived then on the earth; To look unto God and in him find protection, And be saved from their terribly, sad drowning and death.

A chance they would take; they preferr'd their own council;

Their hearts were darken'd, and blacken'd by sin.

The appointed day, and the hour rolled onward,

To find them 'not ready' when their judgment began.

They went down to their death; they were lost, and they

perished;

By refusing to obey the warnings of God. It has always been thus; it is true in our own day; The world rushes on, to its death, and its doom. Forseeing not danger, still pursuing its follies, And laughs at the thought, of our Saviour's return.

January 20, 1931.

In Memorial

February 19, 1899

February 19, 1933

HIS day to me is precious, of all the days the best, It is a glad memoriam, of many years that's past;
On February nineteen, eighteen ninety-nine,
Down in the valley dark, was I, my body in decline.
My doctor said that I would die, before the morning dawn'd,

And so I would, unless my Lord, had otherwise decre'd.

My body limp and helpess, lay in a dying state,

And for my passing, 'any time' my friends around did
wait;

Almost six weeks, having lain thus, the brittle thread 'most snapp'd,

But in his own protection, my Lord, had surely kept My feeble dying body; my heart so large and sore; Refusing all the time to beat; to keep on any more.

In a spiritual revelation, a vision to my soul,
The Master came and touch'd me,
And that touch made me whole.
God's spirit came like lightning, and touch'd my dying
frame;

Reveal'd to me the Eternal TRUTH, That Christ is ever the SAME. My heart began its beating, my body, felt new life, And in that moment I was heal'd, Although it be not rife.

Like a strong electric current, Christ's spirit came in force;
And yet, 'twas just as gentle, as the dew that falls to earth;
"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me"
Rang through my feeble frame,
It entirely envelop'd me,
In a healing holy flame.
The presence of the Lord was there,
On him my faith was stay'd;
I knew no earthly power, could e'er raise me off, that dying bed.

I saw my Lord hang on the cross, in agony and shame!
I saw the blood ooze from his side,
And fall upon the ground;
Right then! it was reveal'd to me,
My Saviour's sacrifice;
Was made for soul, and body too.
That he had paid the price;
And that his blood, in falling thus,
Has redeem'd the sin curs'd ground.

In the synagogue, I saw Christ next,
Stand before the angry Jews;
Sitting in a front seat; the man, who had the wither'd arm
from youth.

"Evil or good, is it right to do, upon the Sabbath day?"
To destroy life or to save it? as he waved his hand, sideway."

Then turning to the afflict'd man,
Said he, "stretch forth thine hand!"
I saw it healed, made strong and well.
The man began to shout.
I saw the Jews, with faces fierce,
Beholding our dear Lord.
They angry grew, and hiss'd and howl'd,
But Jesus looked, quite calm.

And then he whispered to my soul,
"I am the same to-day."
"Stretch forth your hand, if you believe,
And I will heal you now."
Just then I tried to sretch it out,
From underneath the quilt,
As I obeyed, the fire fell,
And consumed the sacrifice.

I began to weep, and praise my Lord, For the work that he had done; I praised my God, and bless'd his name, For the gift of his dear Son.

After I had praised, and wept, and rejoiced, and praised awhile,

The Spirit whisper'd low and sweet,

"To obey is better than sacrifice, and to harken, than the fat of rams."

"Get out of bed my child, know thou, My work is not the work of man."

My heart was beating true and strong,
My body felt the same,
My heart pulsating like an engine,
In a house with weakly frame.
Alone was I within my room,
When this healing scene was on,
I prayed my Lord when it began,
That I might be alone.

"Get out of bed, the still voice said, I've made you whole, my child," I push'd the clothes aside, and rose, In wonderment so mild.
And dressing warmly I sat down, Upon an easy chair.
Scarce understanding what it meant, But I knew my Lord, was there.

Mrs. Mac— came up, the flight of stairs, So cautiously, and quiet;
When she saw me sitting in a chair,
She almost fainted by it.

Then falling limp across the bed, Her face looked strange, and pallid, Said I "my dear don't be afraid, This is God's work, upon me."

When downstairs, Ada, heard us talking, She too came running up.
And in bewilderment stood gazing,
To see me sitting up.
"Come in! come!" said I to her,
"Till I tell you what the Lord—
Has done to this frail body,
According to his WORD."

I told them of my healing, From start to finish, all: And with their faces beaming, Tear-drops began to fall. We praised God for his goodness, And for his mercy great; That he had done this healing, To prove to them that wait— That he is just 'the same to-day,' The blessed truine God! God answers prayer, of faith my friends, For those who with him walk. The promises all; are ours to-day, But we must fully trust. Just simple trusting faith in him, And his spirit doeth the work.

When I was taken ill; at first; and the doctor had been call'd,

In diagnosis of my case, his face was very grave.

Said he "young lady, you are ill, a very ill, young girl,"

"And you must stay right here in bed, and have the best
of care."

I heard him say at the door, as he was passing out, "This young lady cannot live, and you had better know."

I knew that I was very ill; and turning my face to the wall, I wept, and clos'd my eyes, and pray'd;
Dear Lord, do you want me now?
Must I die, here alone with friends,
Far from my home, dear Lord?
And in an instant, came the words,
Like a hammer in my ear.
"Not now! my child! I've longer days,
And a greater mission for thee."
Just then I saw a golden road,
Stretch up! and on! and on!
And at the end, a little gate, that was partly ajar.

The spirit said, "I'll take you down, within the valley low;
But I will raise you up again, and my mighty power show."
Thanking my Lord, and said to him, your words of promise I

Believe; and now dear Lord, take care of me. For my TRUST doth rest in thee.

These words came surging through my soul. "The Eternal God is thy refuge; and 'underneath,' are the everlasting arms."

And then I sank, within those arms, down in the valley went;

And rested there in state of death, 'till his healing message sent.

Those everlasting arms were ever, underneath my frame; And though my body was so weak, my soul did rest in him.

A wonderful experience has been mine, since that blest eventful day.

Many thorns, and roses, scatter'd all along the way.

But the best of all is Jesus, watching o'er me day by day.

February 19, 1933.

Guide Thou Thy People

DEAR Jesus, lead us, guide us, o'er these rugged hills of time,

Open thou our eyes to see thee, and to know thy truth sublime.

Helping us to shun all evil, and the things that would obscure

The bles't spirit, from our vision, grant us thoughts that shall endure.

- Holding fast and keeping steady, let us not digress from right,
- Put thy spirit strong upon us, guiding by thy inward sight.
- Sight that cometh not by seeing, but by thy precepts, and thy word;
- Let us not by things that's earthy, from Thy doctrines be allur'd.
- Let thy message be a full one, good for soul and body too,
- Light the torch of 'holy unction,' let its flame shine forth anew!
- Rent unbelief's cold law asunder, make its clouds to scurry past—
- They are wrong: provoke to blunder; error's false light cannot last!
- Here we raise our voice in protest, to declare against their arts:
- Man-made, doctrines, and commandments, cannot stand the acid-tests.
- Truth is light; and growing stronger; breaking down false gods, and creeds,
- God alone revealed in Jesus, is sufficient for all needs.
- Guide us, oh thou God of nations, Lord of Abraham, to-day.
- Give to us thy 'searching spirit,' let us in thy presence stay.

- Let us walk with thee each moment, let us talk, commune with thee;
- Secrets we have had together; secrets yet, revealed shall be. In great mystery hast thou hidden, since earth's history began;
- We are living in part blindness—yet thy will's reveal'd to man.
- All may know, and know assuredly, that thy Son, has been revealed,
- Jesus came to seek 'lost sinners,' this glorious truth is not concealed.
- Let us touch the harp of glory, let its strings vibrate to me, While singing songs of gladness, while my spirit rests in thee.
- Let the mantle of thy Prophets, rest upon my feeble frame,
- Let thy glory shine around us, while we revere our Saviour's name.
- As messengers at thy footstool, we are pleased to sit and learn;
- Touch us with thy fire celestial, that our hearts within may burn.
- Cleanse me from all selfish motive, let me sink low out of sight.
- That thy name may be exalted, and made glorious in the fight.
- Loving, guiding, keeping, leading, ever onward in thy might.
- March 13, 1934.

Open Our Hearts

PEN our hearts; yes! open our hearts, Open our hearts to thee, Open our hearts like the tender bud, Upon the rose-bush tree.

Open our hearts to sing thy songs, Upon life's weary way, For the night may come, and the day far spent, When no songs can be sung for thee.

Open our hearts, yes! open our hearts, Like the little song-birds gay, And chase away clouds, and doubts, and fears, That assail our hearts to-day.

Open our hearts to thy promise of love, And help, and power, and grace, Lead us triumphant, along the road, 'Till we see thy glorious face.

Open our hearts, to the fight of faith, To the enemy ne'er give o'er, The victory is, to those who trust, In Jesus' redemptive power.

Open our hearts, to his healing touch, The word that makes us whole, The promise that states, "anoint and pray," Is good for both body, and soul.

April 17, 1934.

The Master's Return

The songs that's put into my mouth.
That our glorious Lord is coming again,
He's coming back for his church!
Oh! absent long, has he stayed away,
And let us to carry on.
But those who love him, shall see the day,
And welcome his glad return.

Singing these songs, while I'm working at-My house work, day by day; They are pouring out, like a river wide, That's forging along its way. You may say that I am thinking hard, Upon this "subject" deep?" No! it comes to me, in my waking hours, And it gives me visions, in my sleep. Oftentimes, when quietly engaged at my work, And perhaps I may start to sing; It is then that the inspiration comes, And its message to me doth bring. I am only a 'voice' for the Lord my God, To tell this message abroad; Then why should I smother, his holy Spirit, And thus deny his WORD?

I have promised Christ, while he lends me breath, I will tell his message out;
Just in simple way, and in trusting faith,
That many others may know about—
The wondrous things that are coming to pass;
That have been prophesied long!
For everything shall be fulfilled,
That unto our age belong.

You may say, that I do not understand, What I am writing about?
The unbelievers, may scoff and laugh, But the children of our Lord may shout!
Lift up your heads, you sons of God, Rejoice! and rejoice again!
For the sound of his voice is in the air, And his footsteps in the rain.

Two thousand years from Adam, to Noah,
And two thousand more to Christ;
When the Babe of Bethlehem came to earth,
In his first advent of grace,
And now we're nearing, two thousand more,
In our dispensation "Gentile,"
So we're looking now, for our Master's return.
And we will occupy until—
He comes; to bring to this world his peace;
Which nothing else can usher in.
March 13, 1934.

The Time of the End

OUSE of David; harken! listen!
You who're God's own precious choice,
Christ is coming with his trumpet,
And the dead shall hear his voice.

Know you not the time is with us, When these things shall come to pass? Long! oh long! has been the waiting, But the morning dawns at last.

There are signs, and wonders working, All abroad throughout the earth; These are truly the fore-runners, Of the times, since Jesus' birth.

Gentile fullness which is shown us, In his word, that cannot lie— While the seventh, trump is sounding, The mystery ceases then to be.

The mystery is, that partial blindness, Heavens own way of leading on— Has been upon God's chosen Israel, 'Till our dispensation's gone.

On December eleven, nineteen-seventeen, Jerusalem's gates swung open wide; That the man of God might enter; And God's ensign there abide. Oh, how well do I remember, When that glorious news shone forth. After all the heathen centuries, God has shown 'Eternal Truth.'

Now the blindness being lifted, Brightly shines the light around; Making ready for his footsteps, While the seventh trumpet sounds.

Hear the voice of Christ now speaking, To the world's mad willing throng; "I will gather you together, To my judgment hill, of Armageddon."

The wise shall understand these doings, But the ungodly shall not know; The secret of the Lord is with those Who fear him; they his truth shall sow.

Awake! awake! and sleep no longer, For the time is near at hand! The reign of Peace, ere long commencing, And our Lord shall take command.

Lift up your heads, ye saints of heaven! Shout aloud, and sing this song, "Even at our door he standeth;" Wait! and watch! 'twill not be long.

March 6, 1934.

Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh; Go Ye Out to Meet Him

They are explicit, and plain; and with others compare
Of the parables; that issued forth from his lips;
In righteousness, purity, power, and truth.
Of the ten virgins referred to, here in the word
Five were wise, and five foolish, be it understood.

The foolish had lamps, but no oil was therein;
They had a name that was Christian, but still living in sin,
No oil in their vessels; nor yet in their lives;
They knew not the Bridegroom; though they arose at his
voice.

They had neglected to accept him, and make him their choice.

And when the call came, they were sensual and dead; Therefore! went seeking, for what they all should have had.

When the voice of the Bridegroom, is heard in the air, 'Twill be too late for the foolish, to start then, to prepare. Unless we are saved, and have regenerate hearts; We are of the earth, earthy; and no spiritual sparks Shall emanate, from our vessels, in fellowship with him; Who once died for the sinful; our cold hearts to win.

The carnal mind therefore, walks after the flesh,
And mindeth the things, that pertain to this world;
With the pure love of Christ, their hearts do not burn;
But his grace and his mercy, they foolishly spurn.
Then to seek for this oil; when they went out to buy—
'The Bridegroom came,' and when they drew nigh—
'The true bride, and their Belov'd,' in marriage were bound:

The door was shut,—no room for the foolish e'er found.

But the foolish came knocking, and saying Lord! Lord!
Please open to us! that with the marriage company we
may

Sit down at 'thy banquet;' and no longer we'll stray.
But the voice of our Lord, spoke in words true, and plain.
The answer was 'doom,' and with fearful words fraught;
Verily!—truly—I say unto you, "I know you not."

Thus spoke our Master, a fair warning to all;
Neglect not our salvation, nor the scriptures clear call!
"Watch therefore! and pray; for you know not the time;
Neither the day, nor the hour, wherein the Son of man cometh."

The wise virgins were ready, oil in both vessels and lamps, While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept;

When the cry came at midnight, the wise virgins were glad,

They knew that the summon, was the return of their Lord. All things were ready, in their hearts, and their lives, They went in, with their Bridegroom, to his home, in the skies.

Calling the Church

H! the day is coming and now is at hand,
When sinners and the lost, before the Judge shall
stand.

Oh! the voice of the "Bridegroom," is calling to his church,

Leave! leave the world! and come into the ARK.

The day of God's mercy, is closing fast,
The end of the church age, is dawning at last;
Great Babylon is falling! her foundation is weak,
The voice of her lamentation; beginneth to speak.

The powers of the earth, are in distress, and need; Men's hearts are failing them, for fear, and no lead. The voice of the Turtle, I hear in the land, Calling to his people to stand! yes: firmly stand!

When the powers are tottering, seeking their help in vain, The glorious "Rock of Ages" will ever firm remain; When every prop is broken, from underneath the load, The powers of heaven shaken; e'en in that fair abode!

Judgment is commencing, at the house of God;
Turn back! turn back dear people! to the word of God;
The holy Spirit showeth these things "must" come to pass,

Every "jot and tittle," that's written in his word.

Christ's bride is truly sleeping; yes! sleeping in her pews!
The signs of our Lord's coming, she firmly doth refuse!
Just like the Synagogue of old, can it be, that she'll be found,

Rejecting her Redeemer, when his presence shines around?

Our God will raise up prophets, from the hills, and from the vales,

Those who have the vision, of his coming in the clouds; His messengers shall go before him, to proclaim this glorious truth;

The world will grope in darkness; be cast out into the night.

Those who hear the Bridegroom's voice, shall rise on wings of faith,

Behold the glorious future, for his saints throughout the race;

Lift up your heads, and shout aloud; ye people of our land, Behold the cross; the empty tomb, and our resurrected Lord.

February 5, 1932.

Christ as an Ideal

H come to the Saviour, mercy's door is open wide,
Come to the Saviour and in his love abide,
Hark to the message of the gospel's glorious call,
Of the Saviour who died, and shed his blood for all.

Oh turn not your back, on a Saviour's dying love, He left his home in glory, and came down from above; He has left his holy spirit, to be our blessed guide, And he abides within us, drawing closely to our side.

Oh, seek you the Master, seek him while he may be found,

Don't put off by careless waiting, you stand on dangerous ground;

You can't buy your way to heaven, there's no other way for man,

Only by the blood of Jesus, and be truly "born again."

Yes 'tis true! tis true! forever "Jesus is the only way;"
He is more than an "ideal" to our thirsty lives to-day;
An ideal has no body, has no ears, to hear our prayers;
Cannot sympathize with sinners, find its life—
Among the tares.

We need a living Saviour, who has eyes and hands, and feet;

Who can tell us we are sinners, call us to his mercy seat.

Who has power to forgive us, and to wash as white as snow;

Who can hold communion with us, as together on we go.

An "ideal" could not die for us, nor shed its precious blood.

That it is only an example, must be clearly understood; If we try to live our life, up to this great "ideal"

We then may be a child of God, though no change of heart we feel?

This wicked preaching is a sin, misleading in its path; It robs Christ of his body, and his atoning blood; This doctrine false, is dangerous, and has a sting therein, It cannot satisfy our soul, nor heaven for us win.

Trusting our precious Bible, there the Christ of God we find.

He speaks to us, telling us, "'tis the blind leading the blind;"

His "WORD" ne'er grows old fashioned, nor ever out of date,

"THE GREAT I AM" speaks there; hear before it is too late.

January 22, 1931.

Vanity

E ask our hearts the question, what cometh after death?

There are so many trials in this world's wilderness; Shall we be called to answer for other's hearts and lives? Must we be persecuted, when 'tis other hearts that strive. If we try to live an honest and upright life each day, Must we try to keep our sister, the same along the way? Or after death—shall we be taught the secret of its brave, "And see that life is vanity, from the cradle to the grave."

If after death our eyes behold some startling thoughts unread;

And a longer, larger vision, through the great hereafter sped.

And we scan the countless heroes, who for freedom and glory fought;

And we see their flaunting banners, as gained by blood they sought

To gain an earthly victory: o'er their sad and rampant foes; As they drove them on to death, regardless of their woes. Or after death will warriors, lay down their flag of gain, "And say all this is vanity; earth's glories wax and wane."

If after death we chance may see, our kindred in the skies, We'll ask them if they thought of us "amid their heavenly joys."

Perchance they'll answer, "God made me your guardian angel there,

And when exposed to danger I was with you everywhere,"

Oh! after death, we know that we, great wonders shall behold;

And learn the many secrets, that do not now unfold;
The vanities and pleasures, of earth, "are nothing now,"
They sweep away, and leave behind a vain and empty show.

If after death! in heaven we look for someone there,
And are told they did not enter, they neglected to prepare
"The inner hidden vessel; that contains the living bread,"
And our disappointed spirits cry out, are they yet among
the dead?

Why we saw them in the churches, they held the highest seat,

They attended all the meetings, and served at every feast. Can it be that there are any, who profess to know the Lord, Will one by one be missing, like the lost and vacant chord?

If after death in rapture, our immortal beings say
We know "now" why the troubles, and crosses came our
way!

They were not but dross that darken, the gold of earthly mine;

As they passed they left the impress, of the pure and better coin.

Yes! after death our Saviour will show us why we weep, He has a golden vessel, our tears therein to keep.

There's sunshine, and there's gladness, our waiting spirits see,

Yes! after death vast knowledge, shall be revealed to thee.

Yes! after death our company, the blood washed shall be, They'll all tell some glady story, of the trials here that we—

Encompassed on our journey; of the blessings that they proved:

"And we'll all join in the story of our Redeemer's love,"
Oh! after death the freedom, to leave this house of clay.
And to know our toil is ended, and we can ever stay—
Away from those who scarcely, our mission understand;
When the bands of death are cast aside, and sin has not command,

And the vanities of life have passed, and we've gained the better land.

April, 1908.

Grant Us Thy Pardon

And kneel in contrition, at thy blessed feet,
O grant us thy pardon, for all sins committed,
And help us draw near, to thy mercy seat.

Forgive us our wanderings, oh precious Redeemer; For we have strayed far, from out thy dear fold. Oh grant us thy pardon, from all our transgressions, And fill us again, with the love toward God. Lead on blessed Jesus, our captain, defender; Lead on! lead on! amidst distressing gloom. The seed time, and harvest, abideth forever; But we thy frail creatures, like a vapour are gone.

Like clouds in a tempest, we wander in darkness; Like wells without water, we live parched and dry. Like drouth in the summer, our pastures are barren; Our souls are in need, of the Bread from on high.

Return oh dear people, to Christ our Passover, Leave the leeks, and the garlic, in Egypt to die. But come to the Red Sea; where the waters are parted; And haste on to Jordan, and to Canaan near by.

Oh enter the land, that our Father has promised, Seek ye his face, and keep his commands; Don't stay on the mountain of selfishness longer, But just like the prodigal; haste ye back home.

Your Father is waiting, has watched your long journey: He knows you are naked, and starving and lost, Then come to the mercy seat, all things are ready, Oh enter God's kingdom, at whatever cost.

The Bridegroom may tarry, but he's coming! yes coming! It may be at noon or at midnight, or dawn;
Press into the Kingdom; dear people don't miss it;
For the banqueting door may be closed before long.

Outside stand the virgins, that are worldly and foolish, But the door of God's mercy is closed to them fast, Oh hark! 'tis the voice of our bles't Saviour saying, "Too late have you come, I now know you not."

Oh haste to the mercy seat, seek ye God's pardon; Make peace with your Saviour, while yet it is day, With a broken, and humble heart, Jesus will save you, He never! no never! turns sinners away.

January 16, 1932.

God's Works and Laws

OD'S mercy is great, to a perishing world, His love, and his kindness, how tender; His promises 'all' are yea and amen, Our Redeemer; our Saviour; Defender.

God is greater, than all, his created works, Much greater than earth, yes! e'en heaven The moon, and the stars, revolve in their course, The sun's powerful light he has given.

He maketh a way, in the dense wilderness, A way for his footsteps, to tread: In the dark, and the depths, of the waters he moves, His children, "by his spirit are led."

In his purpose, and will, when material things, By his hands are shaken, and rock'd; He terrifies scientists, and their theories confound; What they've built on for years; is suddenly balked. He says to the sea, and her proud waves, "no farther Shalt thou go; than my wisdom and power constrain," And thus doth it seem, in the wisdom of mankind, That God in Omnipotence enshroud'd remain.

There are flesh of birds, flesh of the animals and reptiles, And that of humanity, (each) of their own different kind; The Creator God, in his wisdom hath made them, And fashioned them after, his own Omniscient mind.

Dominion and power, he gave to man over His lower creation; and birds on their wing; But God has reserved, to himself the pre-eminence, And power of LIFE; ever mysterious thing.

The one that is nearest to God, and his wisdom,
Is the one that draws nigh, in a real living faith;
Education by this world, compiled and compoundable—
If weighed in God's balance, might come short of his grace.

"The wisdom of this world, is foolishness with Jesus," He lived once, in this world, but yet was apart.
"The fear of the Lord, is the beginning of wisdom,"—The world thrust it out, with a spear, and a dart.

"My kingdom is not of this world, said the Master," How truly! how truly! His children know that, If of flesh and blood, the world would receive him, But because it is not, the world crucifies yet.

January 18, 1932.

The Chosen Jews

ALMOST two thousand years have passed,
And now the Jews are being classed,
As a nation with a home.

God's chosen people, once were they,
But by their sins, they far did stray,
And their judgment fell anon.

Their God forgotten was and idols they—
Set up to worship, then bowed down to pray.
Forgetting the true and living God.
Their punishments were hard and sore,
And with great murmuring, them they bore—
And plodded on apace.

Their greatest wealth and triumphs rare, Was when King Solomon, the crown did wear, God blessed them, then abundantly.

But in due time when Christ was born, In Bethlehem; on that glorious morn. And shepherds heard the angels' song; Their dispensation's end, was sung.

Their Messiah, they were looking for, Reigned not with crown, and sceptre, nor— Raised he them, to high estate. To their visitation, they were blind, Only a few of the wise did find That their Messiah was drawing nigh.

He preached, and walked, and talked, with them; When he had grown to be a man, But they despised him for his truth. Oh! gentle loving Son of God, What great abuse, and hate you stood, By those who were your own!

But when the statement they did make, His blood upon us, we will take, And upon our children too.

Oh! foolish, ignorant, sinful Jews! How blind you were, you could not choose, Between the old and new.

Because you rejected the Christ of God, Unwittingly you opened to us the road, That took the Gentiles in.

Oh! wandering, restless, suffering Jews,
Scattered throughout the earth; rejecting the news—
That Jesus came to save you.

Blindness has happened to Israel in part, A veil has been drawn over their heart, Till the times, of the Gentiles, be fulfilled. Then the Lord will write, his law in their hearts, And shall unto them his will impart— They shall be his chosen people again.

How gladly they should open, their hearts to God's word, And search the Testament, 'till their minds are stirr'd, And the Holy Spirit, awakens their heart.

I have wonderful sympathy, for the down-trodden Jews. A nation chosen of God to be his people, and then the sad news

That they are rejected; cast off, despised, and forsaken.

For two thousand years, they have had neither home, or nantion.

No king; no government; no country; no station; A heartbroken people, yet worshipping "Shekinah."

We are delighted to know, Palestine's doors are wide open. The world's greatest of wars, caused their hinges to swing. And to break the long bondage; this is a sign and a token, "That the fig tree, and all trees, are budding again." And the Lord's second advent may, be close at hand.

Cheer up! weeping Jews, your day is now dawning,
The brightness, and glory, that long since, had been
waning,

Will descend in honour and power upon your land!

"Ye shall go back in peace, none daring to molest, The nations showing you favour, shall themselves be bles't. For God, will put his spirit within you.

He will lead you in pastures, both green and rich, Throughout your own land, your tent's you shall pitch, And great prosperity, will attend you.

You have been cast off, and your punishment great,
Among every nation, you have mourned your fate;
You've been slaughtered, and hounded, at a furious rate—
And your sufferings are too horrible, for me to relate.
I adjure you to accept Jesus; he will you elate.

He is the great Passover, that was slain for you;
He suffered alike, for Gentile, and Jew,
We Gentiles have accepted; his holy spirit we know;
He is patiently waiting to bestow him upon you.
Oh! reject not the sacrifice of the Son of God.

I pray that your eyes, and your hearts may be opened, To receive this rich blessing, our God has spoken— In his word concerning your rest; and your peace.

To us, is fast closing, the Gentile age, I believe "that," according, to the written page; "For blindness has happened to Israel in part, "'Till the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." And then shall they awake, and begin to return—With great joy abounding, upon their heads,
This is beginning to come to pass.

Their vineyards; precious fruits are bearing again,
Their soil being cultivated, and tilled by husbandmen;
The song of the lark, sounds clear in the sky,
The voices of young men, and maidens, are lifted on high.
Till the hills, and the valleys, resound with their songs.
Cruelties, and hatred, unto the past belong.

The leaven is working, among the glad Jews,
Their viewpoint is changing, I see by their news;
And all unconscious, to them will be given,
A heart that's believing, a heart that is riven—
Of olden time customs; and rituals, and rights;
Of washing of platters, and wailings in prayer.

When they come to the wailing wall, Christ will be there! And Christ will transform them, within and without, His kingdom "must" come to them, without doubt.

Fulfilled will be Abraham's promise to them, "Elected to grace," are their tribes and their clan; When the veil shall be lifted, great glory they'll know, And honour and blessings, abundant shall flow.

Rejoice, and be glad ye downtrodden Jews, Open your hearts to Christ Jesus; receive the glad news. That he died for you! loves you! will gather you, now! Oh! receive him by faith, and to him your knees bow; He'll save you, he'll cleanse you, fill your hearts with joy. Make you a strong mighty nation, and remove the alloy.

Then accept your King Jesus, he died for your sins; He is the real "passover lamb," he died ONCE for us all. When you harden your hearts, you grieve Him again, Let the old doctrine go, and receive you the new, Then shall you have passed, from death unto LIFE.

The Jewish Purim, was held yesterday, To the Christians, it was our glad Easter day; The day that Christ Jesus died on the cross, And made an atonement, for those who are lost. He died to redeem a lost world, back to God; "The just" for the unjust; suffered and bled:

Love could be no greater, when he died in our stead. We should love,—honour Christ, and tell of his love. "In the morning sow the seed, and in the evening—Withhold not our hand.

We should pray, for our downtrodden brothers the Jews, That they will accept Jesus; and hear the glad news. That the nebula which so long, has been blinding their eyes,

May be lifted like vapour, and transfused to clear skies; That the light of God's spirit may quicken their hearts, That they may accept their heritage,—in whole—not in part.

My brothers, and sisters, the story is sad— Which we read in the Bible, of your being cast off. You! God's chosen people! of all on the earth, You were chosen by him; by faith given birth.

You stood before Jehovah, blessed and renown'd, While you walked in his laws, and commandments profound.

To Moses your leader, great homage you pay, You study his laws, and live by them to-day; He was a true type, of Jesus our Lord. But in the fullness of time, we read in the word— Moses must be supplanted, "by the true Son of God."

And by your casting off; all the world was brought nigh; For both Gentile, and Jew, did God's beloved Son die.

Now! we are "all," under grace, and must be saved thereby.

For a greater than Moses is here.

God promised a stump, he would leave in the ground. And throughout the nations, a remnant would be found. That you should be gathered, back home to your land; And in God's own strength, true and faithful you'll stand. Then accept your Redeemer, and KING.

You are proving to-day, that the Bible is true, Jerusalem's gates, are flung open to you. Your mandate is under, Great Britain's control, But Palestine is yours, in part, and in whole.

Your Zionist movement is sweeping the land, Your strength, and your gold, causing it to expand; The barriers are swept away from your path; You are under God's mercy, instead of his wrath. By his great loving kindness, you are doing this work. I adjure you dear people, to give Jesus your heart.

A great mighty nation, shall be your lot again. Instead of weeping, and sorrow, and travail and pain; Being hunted, and hounded, through the nations at large; The power of the sword, over your lives shall cease.

Palestine is the only country, on the face of the earth, Where unemployment "just now," is not having a birth. They're working and prospering in that Holy Land. And the soil is now yielding, of its fruitage in hand.

Go forward, with faith in your hearts then you'll see, That Providence, your Jehovah, is working with thee. Your enemies shall be conquered, and made to lie low; The strength of your arm, will deal them that blow.

The sun in its splendour is rising at last, Conquering the tribulations; dark visions of the past. In centuries far distant, your way shall you wend, For the throne of 'David' shall never have an end.

January, 1933.

My Husband's Dream

THE peaceful Sabbath day had passed, and we to rest repaired.

My husband sleeping sweetly dream'd,

Two loads of grain he filled-

They both were full of golden sheaves-

And level to the top-

The third one he was filling, when his work was suddenly stopped.

Just then he wakened, from his dream, and thought there on awhile—

Then he fell asleep again, and dreamed a second time.

'Twas made so very plain to him, that each load meant a year,

Thus two full years were shown, and the third one did not end.

He looked quite grave, and pondered on this dream next day.

Until the evening hour, when his words, did them portray. He told the vision of the loads—then secondly the years;

And said that he believed the years—"were the numbering of his days."

He asked if I, his wife, could interpret his dream?

And I felt assured that it didn't mean, that death should come to him.

Feeling that some way it did mean, that we should here remain,

And after two, and one half years, return unto our farm. My heart oppressive, with the thought that he might, be called away,

Determined in my heart, that to our Father I would pray.

God had never once forsaken, and I knew, that he is true, Also knew that safety lay, in coming; this vision to pursue. Going about my duties, with a strong faith in my heart, That just as soon, as I could be alone with him, my story I'd impart.

When the noon-tide meal was cleared away, and the house was set aright,

Taking the dear old Bible, upon my knee, and read.

Raising my heart unto my Lord, to show me where to read, And guide my mind, and show to me, the vision of the night.

The dear old Book, I opened then, where he did me direct,

Isaiah thirty-seven, and verse "thirty," thus was read,

"And this a sign shall be to thee, a sign from heaven given; Ye shall eat this year, such as groweth of itself.

And the second year the same—

And in the third year, sow, and reap;

Plant vineyards; so that ye may eat, what groweth of the vine."

- And lo! behold! my eyes did read, the answer to me shown;
- The interpretation of the dream, the dream that had been given.
- My eyes did marvel, at the words, the truthful words, therein;
- Declaring to his servants, his will through his own word. Entering then my closet, and thanks pour'd forth in prayer;
- Praising the God of heaven, and of Isaiah there.
- Thanking him for his mercy, his love, and guiding hand, For showing us the pathway, we should walk by his command.
- Knowing it was our Father's will, to lead us to this place, He has owned and blessed us, and led us by his grace.
- My husband had been weary, and longing for a change. His thoughts turn' backward to the farm, its acres broad to range.
- And he was shown in a dream, at night upon his bed,
 That two and one half years, we shall in this place, yet
 abide.
- We know our Father's will is right, and he will ope' the way,
- And cause our glad hearts to rejoice, if in this place we stay.

He needs us here, his work had been neglected through the years—

We'll trust that he will now return, and in these temples may

By his holy Spirit, overcome, the evil sway—
The folly of the foolish, the error and the wrong—
The sin that's practiced daily, where it ought not to belong.
And so dear Father we're content, whatever be thy will,
For thou canst make us happy, and be thy servants still.

Kinley, Saskatchewan, December 30, 1913.

The Harvest Time

HE fruit of the earth is almost ripe, And the harvest time is near. The Master is waiting, and had patience long, But the reapers may soon appear.

He waits, for the early, and latter rain, To fall upon the earth. For the grapes to ripen upon the vine, Lo! then it is harvest time.

The grain of the earth is fully ripe, Thrust in your sickle and reap. Gather the grain into my barn, The goats, separate from my sheep. The world has heard the gospel call, For many a century and age; It's rushing downward, like the meteor's fall; Her tumults rise and rage.

The children of God are looking up, Expecting our coming King! His spirit is singing out, through his saints, "Behold! I am coming again!"

My precious Lord, I would not dare, To sing this message out, But thy spirit wthin me, reveals to me, That the time is getting short.

The children of peace, must tell the glad news, Morning, at noon, and at night, Let your light shine, in this dark world, And keep on in the fight.

The world will not know, the appointed time, Just the children of light are wise; "Behold! I come like a thief in the night," "Awake! My beloved, arise!"

Put on thy garment of righteousness, Be ready to meet thy Lord; "Well done! good and faithful servants all, You have kept the faith, and my word."

Given to me, while washing the dinner dishes.

January 2, 1932.

Ring Out

Ring out ye bells, of truth and love,
Ring in the kingdom of our Lord,
Sing in the truths each heart may prove,
Within the columns of the word.

Ring out the evil thoughts of sin, Ring in the Christ, of precious worth; Sing loud the anthems to his praise, Of hope, and joy, and peace, and trust.

Ring out the sorrows of the world, Ring in the glad Millenium peace; Sing of its fruits in righteousness, The blessings that it shall release.

Ring out the news of Christ's return, Ring in his kingdom, and his throne; Sing loudly of his promises, Appropriate them, for your own.

Ring out, the ills of all mankind, Ring in the one with true redress; Sing glorious songs of freedom's birth, By all who do their Lord possess.

April 8, 1933.

The Ressurection Morning

RESTING, just resting! at the dawn of the day,
Trusting, just trusting! letting God have his way,
Knowing so well, everything will come right,
Though the waiting time seemeth so long.

"I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh,"

Is one of the promises written for us;

"I will honour my Son, in the lives of his saints;

Who came to give LIFE more abundantly."

They that honour the Son, also honour me too, They shall see of my glory afresh, and shall know; I am with them in faith, in love, and in works, Will reveal to them, my power, and glory.

Oh triumphant Jesus, ride on! ride on! Till all of thy foes, are vanquished; Till death and the grave have yielded to thee, The rich fruits of thy crucified glory.

Awake! awake! ye saints of the Lord, Keep telling, the resurrection story; "Walk with the Christ on the road to Emmaus," Hear him again, expound to you, the scriptures. Glorious and mighty is he who arose, On that resurrection morning, Give place! give place! to the Son of God, For he's coming again in his glory.

Never again, will they spit in his face! Nor with cruel thorn crown deride him; He comes as a King both mighty and strong, Then his enemies, will flee into hiding.

Rejoice! oh rejoice! ye saints of the Lord,
Rejoice! at the thought of his coming;
The darkness will flee, and all things will be bright,
Just look for "His Star" in the morning.

Entrumy 6, 1932

February 6, 1932.

Victory

ESUS my Saviour is with me just now,
He stands by my side, and he touches my brow,
He tells me he's with me "Oh daughter, fear not,"
"My love and my spirit, maketh them whole."

Enter thy closet shut tightly the door, Things done in secret, are broadcast o'er the moor. Abide in the vine, then ask what you will, Jesus, my Saviour, his word will fulfil. Trustingly, lovingly, bow at his feet, With no unbelief, in thy heart to impede; The work of Christ's spirit, within you begun Will give you the victory, and the work shall be done.

Resisting the devil, he from you must flee, Deserting his ground when we go to our knee; The blood of Christ pleading, on the door of our heart, We enter "The Holy" and Satan departs.

Sometimes the battle rages, fiercely and long, The enemy of our flesh, is powerful, and strong; But the blood that was shed on lone, Calvary's tree, Is sufficient! all sufficient! for you and for me.

If Satan can persuade—to cease us to pray, Right there he has succeeded, in having his way; From walking with Christ, he would draw us aside; And try to allure by this world, and its pride.

Just as Jesus is; so are we—his flock in this world, We are in it, yet separate; from its turmoil and strife, We must walk in "his spirit," commencing erstwhile, Obeying, and trusting; thus we Satan beguile.

The world watches closely, the people of Christ, It knows if we're living by his "precepts, and word; The father we live; from the world, and its sin. More power shall be given, lost creatures to win.

January 25, 1932.

Press Into the Kingdom

IFT up your heads, ye children of the Lord,
Shout aloud! and give him praise;
For the time is at hand, and this age is closing out,
For the wicked, are very wicked, in their ways.

The wheat and the tares, together must grow,
And abide, till the time of the end,
But the King at his coming, will separate the wheat,
And the tares, 'gather,' in bundles to be burned.
The wicked will try to hide away,
From the brightness of his shining,
And all that sinneth, and maketh a lie;
Shall be banished, from his presence.

Press into the Kingdom! press in! press in!

The multitude will be without trying;

"Like the foolish virgins, with no oil in their lamps."

Oh! press in! press in! time is flying.

The word stands forever, its precepts are truth, Then what is the use, of our denying.

Open your hearts, like the mind of youth,
In sweet, honest simplicity, descrying.

Gather up the fragments of a wasted life,
And bring them to Christ for purifying.

January 23, 1931.

To the Saints

IFT up your heads ye saints of the Lord,
Lift up your heads, and cleave unto his word;
In these times of testing, and trouble everywhere,
Let your hearts rejoice in Jesus, his faithfulness declare.

The storms, may rage and the billows roll high;
But "fear ye not," there'll be a calmness by and by;
The voice of Christ's speaking, in the turmoil, and the strife;

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

Lift up your heads ye saints, and shout aloud! Be not dismayed at the threatening storm, and cloud, The voice of our Father whispers, to our inward self, "Be of good cheer! I have overcome the world."

"The wicked shall do wickedly, the saints shall all be tried,"
In these days of waiting! before Christ's coming for his
bride;

The seventh trump is sounding, this message far and wide, Come near! yes, still nearer! to our Saviour's bleeding side.

February 5, 1932.

Triumphant

Before either friend or foe we meet, You shall have strength like the distant mountain, If strength from the fountain of life we seek.

When the strength of man riseth up to oppose; Unbelief is seen, in his weakness; Trusting the world, to conquer his foes, Turning his back on Christ, his redemption.

When strength is gone, when human power, has failed, The strength of our Master may then be hail'd, He is ever faithful, loving, and true; When we trust his spirit; he will bring us through.

He has risen victorious, over death, and sin, He has risen: new life for us to win; Let us trust him! do not slight him so! Turn to Christ, 'at once' and you shall truly know.

"According to the power that worketh in us," According to the measure, we take of his grace; The treasure house is open; the store, is all our own; Let us come, and receive, and live.

Finding the Christ, who has made us whole; Trusting the Christ, who healeth body and soul; Giving us the faith to believe, Helping us the strength to receive. He giveth us, the gift of our happy song, All! even all, to his power belong; He giveth us the blessing of life, Triumph over wrong and death.

Open wide your heart, to the sunshine of his love, Open wide your heart his promises to prove; An unbelieving heart cannot receive from God; Like some flowers all its petals are closed.

February 6, 1932.

Waiting

Waiting to go forth at his bidding;
His sheep follow him they run not before;
For of the sheep-fold our Lord is the door.

The prophet that waiteth not for his Lord But runneth before him in haste; His hands will be empty, without a reward, The Lord will not hear, nor regard.

Just wait for the sound of "the still small voice," It will come gently, right into your ear; Receive the command, from your Shepherd, and choice; Then go forward, both bravely, and clear.

You then are indued, with power from on high, God's spirit alone, doeth the work; It may be a word, you are requested to speak, Or it may be a touch, that raiseth the sick.

February 6, 1932.

The Life Beyond the Grave

H glorious faith! the Christian's faith,

Of life beyond the tomb,

It lifts the veil of mystery, and penetrates the gloom,

The body lower'd down to rest, to ashes shall return, But the spirit, takes its flight to God, It rests not, in that bourne.

Our Christian faith, doth glorious rise, beyond
These hills of time,
Centrality in Christ our Lord, this mystery sublime.
Singing around the darksome tomb, of cruel thorns and death.

Just above the grave: behold! we see immortal breath.

Oh, grave where is thy victory! o death, where is thy sting?
Our risen Lord is calling us;
Like birds upon the wing,
We mount, we rise, we vault the sky;
Triumphant, in our death;
Angels roll'd the stone away,
And our risen Lord came forth!

There is no death! There is no death!
My soul cries out in song:
To those who are in Christ our Lord,
And unto him belong.

'Tis only death, for those who die, outside the pale of Christ!

Who've spurn'd his glorious sacrifice, That he made upon the cross.

April 5, 1931.

The Power of Prayer and Faith

H! Jesus, Saviour, brother, friend,
Keep me unto the journey's end,
Oh! let thy love encompass me,
And teach me Lord to follow thee.

Where'er thy gracious footsteps lead, Oh keep me faithful, Lord, I plead, When times press hard, and troubles sore, Oh may I seek thee, more and more.

In times of famine and distress,
If we call on thee, thou wilt truly bless,
God will provide the means and ways,
For all his children, throughout—
Their days.

An army now of hungry ones, Are calling out for bread and buns; When there's abundance in the world, His loving banner's still unfurl'd.

God's not to blame, no not at all! When nations rise, and nations fall! Their lust and greed, for gold and gain, Upon their own heads doth remain.

To those who seek the mercy seat, Will find his mercy still is great; And from his, loving hand alone, Will blessings fall, when nations come.

Distress, and failure, now abroad, The people trying to bear the load; But when we cast it on the Lord, Return to him, and read his word.

Throughout the dark waters, a path he will make, And this is done for his children's sake.

In the wilderness the flowers bloom.

We have strayed too far, to inhale this perfume;

The eye of faith can discern the light,

That our Lord "alone," can end this plight.

January 12, 1933.

Sickness

HEN sorrows and afflictions come,
Trust the one who died for you,
Should even "death" bear in upon—
Jesus himself will come for you.

My body has been tested sore, During the past three months or more, I've roamed the valley of the shadow o'er, But my Lord has rescued me.

I'm alive to-day to praise his name, That glorious name, ever the same— "Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, The same forever, and ever."

I often wonder why I am left? And Jesus my life doth succor? A delicate, frail, perhaps, worthless plant, While the stronger, are passing over?

Oh Lord if my work for thee is not done, I beseech of thee keep me faithful! Give me strong faith, till the journey's end; And the power to intercede for others.

May 20, 1932.

A Living Faith

G IVE me the faith, that will not shrink, nor cast a backward look,
When high the seas of sorrow roll; and earthly

When high the seas of sorrow roll; and earthly help forsake.

'Tis then my Lord will come and save, and cast his anchor deep;

And it will hold amidst the storm, when surging billows sweep.

When we are tempted to retreat, to evil's voice list' not, But stand with heart, and ear serene, to catch the voice of God:

'Tis hard to wait, 'tis hard to learn, when trials press us sore,

Our instinct is, to up and do! instead of resting more.

But if before his face I run, 'twill be of none avail;
The prophet of the Lord doth not, make haste like those of Baal.

He waiteth till the evening hour, the evening with his God, His sacrifice is then consumed, the altar, and the wood.

And then our God is glorified, his mighty power is shown, For he of all the gods of earth, is the living God alone. His word cannot be broken now, nor evermore shall be, For Christ the Eternal Sacrifice, once suffered on the tree.

O! unbelieving heart rejoice, God's word is true to-day; Just trust in Christ, and you shall see, he is the truth, the way.

For nothing can, blind unbelief, receive from God the Lord,

But they who open wide their hearts, shall truly have reward.

Draw night to God, and he will come, and draw nigh unto you,

Let nothing turn your faith aside, he will see you safely through.

Just wait on God, and rest you till, the glorious evening hour,

When he will come, in all his love, and show his mighty power.

February 21, 1932.

The Time Draweth Near

Jesus my Saviour to Bethlehem came Jesus my Saviour is coming again! Coming to judge the world and its sin, Get ready my brother, if salvation you'll win.

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, Call ye upon him while he is near—"
Leave the world with its bondage of sin,
Jesus my Saviour, will take you in.

Lift up your heads, for the time is nigh, Joyfully sing! as the days go by. Pray! and keep praying, for those who are lost, That Jesus will bring them home at last.

Press into the kingdom! dear people press!
The violent take the kingdom by force;
Better to come to the Lord to-day,
Than to be among them—who are castaway.

Come with thy bondage, of sin and grief, Jesus my Saviour, will give you relief. Come and believe in his holy name, Jesus my Saviour is ever the same.

Jesus my Saviour is coming again!

I hear his voice through, the clouds, and the rain!

To his sanctified ones he is whispering now,

"Behold it is nigh, even at your door."

After the midnight hour, when awake I lie, Jesus my Saviour is then close by; Whispering his secrets into my soul, "Fear not! dear child, I have made thee whole."

"The world I have overcome; fear not,"
Neither let thyself, worry nor fret,
Pray for the needy, the poor, and the lone,
That they come into my fold, and no longer may roam."

"I have set watchers, upon my gates, They're sounding aloud, the time of this age; The time of the fulness, of the Gentiles, is here, And the Lord of the harvest, may soon appear."

"Gird on thy armour; fight ye the good fight,"
Satan resist, with power, and might,
"As a roaring lion, he goeth about,"
But all glory to God, he will soon be cast out.

January 20, 1931.

Christ Our Great Physician

F this sickness is not unto death, my Lord,
But unto the glory of God,
Stretch forth thy hand, and heal this thy child,
That thy name may be glorified.

Turn away doubt, take away unbelief,
That thy precious work may be done;
That thy children may know, that thou art our God,
And a victory for Christ be won.

Sickness sometimes, for a purpose is sent, Drawing our hearts nearer to thee; For a chastening, refining, experience in life, That deeper consecration there be.

We wander so far from the fold, and his love, We're out on the mountain's crag, But our Father desires, that we return home, To drink deeper draughts, from the fountain of life. Man's extremity, is God's opportuntiy, He begins where man's wisdom ends; He loves us, he heals us, he raiseth to life, When his glorious works we defend.

To another his glory, he will not give, Nor stretch forth his hand to heal; "If the true branches we are, and abide in the vine," "Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done."

There's abiding, and resting, and trusting in God, Living his will to do. Into Christ's suffering we enter with him, And our Saviour, bringeth us through.

On the path of the just; there's a beacon light, Guiding along the way. With angels to guard our steps aright; Leading on to the perfect day.

If to Calvary's rugged hill it leads, Leave there at the cross, thy unbelief; View again thy Lord, that was crucified. See the blood flow, from his wounded side; Only believe, and thou shalt see, The glory of God, 'round about thee. And his victory, shall abide in thy flesh.

January 14, 1932.

My Song to Jesus, When at Work

H, Jesus dear, you know the songs, That I have sung to thee, Sometimes when washing dishes, My heart's been glad and free.

I've told you Lord, I hadn't time, To stop and write for thee, For one pair of hands, cannot do all, When as busy as a bee.

But as I worked I sang, and sang, What glorious words therein; The presence of my unseen Lord, Gives me these songs, I sing.

For I compose them, while I work, The thoughts come flowing in, My heart is filled with joyfulness, Then I "MUST," sing and sing.

The Lord is in his temple here, His voice is sounding clear! And I say to him, Oh! Jesus dear! You are recording this "up there."

Knowing, and I also believe, Those songs, I'll see some day; When I have passed from out this house, This nebula of clay. Up yonder I'll be given time, To sing them o'er again, And my glad heart shall then rejoice, And praise my Saviour's name.

There will be no dishes there to wash, No pots, and pans, to clean, Nor all the other busy tasks, That from thee, our thoughts doth wean.

Our bodies too shall be so strong, To sing thy grateful praise; The praise that unto thee belong, Our immortal spirit shall raise.

There is not one verse, of all my song, That I could record here; It comes from thee the Holy Ghost, When thy presence draweth near.

This gift is thine, you gave it to me, Yes, many years ago; You brought me through, the vale of death; When I was lying low.

Oh! I will sing! yes! I will sing! Unto the Lord, my God, Who has given me a mission here, "To uphold his holy word." His suffering servant, truly, I, Am his throughout the day, But when I'm weak, then am I strong, This unto Christ, I say.

The shadows flee, they pass away, Those phantoms of the flesh; For Satan ever tries to tempt, And catch us in his mesh.

If we resist the devil here, He will truly from us flee, Pleading the blood of Jesus Christ, That was freely shed for me.

Looking forward to the day, When Jesus shall come again, To take his bride, unto himself; And with him she shall reign.

Sometimes when singing songs to him, The spirit sings this out; "Oh, I am coming back to earth, Ye saints, begin to shout."

"The time is at hand, the winter is past,
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds have come,
And the Turtle's voice is heard."

"By the roes, and the hinds, of the field I charge, That ye disturb not, my love asleep; Nor awake her, until the time shall come, When the Bridegroom, he shall please."

But the song is here it's sounding out, Over mountain, and valley, and plain; That the time is at hand, for our Lord's return, He is surely coming again.

Then awake my spirit, and sing the songs, Of the coming of Christ, my Lord, For there's music resounding everywhere, And reverberates, from his "WORD."

The wicked are doing wickedly, And the righteous, are being tried; So the signs of the times are pointing, To Christ's return for his bride.

Oh glorious day that's dawning, The coming of our Lord: When the wicket shall be put, beneath his feet, And his saints receive their reward.

Thrice happy are you who believe it, And think, and ponder thereon; Take God, at his word, by faith in his word, And you shall be able to stand.

February 12, 1931.

My Cross! My Cross!

H Jesus, thou art all my own,

We have loved each other long;

My cross is heavy; but I plead,

Hear thou my humble song.

In weakness of my body, oft'
I plod along all day.
And then at night I lie awake,
Sleep with me will not stay.

Living my life for years like this,
Upon life's rugged path;
'Tis only Christ in me that keeps!
And shall lead me, home at last.

I fain would lay this body down,
And return unto the tomb,
For well I know that I shall see,
My Redeemer in that gloom.

But the dead, they cannot praise thee,

The living they give praise—

Oh, give us grace, and give us strength,

To last out all our days.

When the cross is heavy, then we turn,
And closer draw to thee;
And rest our hope on thy blest love,
That was bought on Calvary.

I see the blood that flowed for us,
From thy blest pierc'd side;
I see the Lord that died for us,
Heaven's gate to open wide.

And then we look up through the tears,
And cry, "thy will be done,"
For if we suffer here with thee,
Much glory shall be won.

Suffering much; I've suffered long,
Through weary days and nights;
Sometimes crying, Lord! how long
Shall I endure this fight?

The hand of God is in my life,
I've known that for years;
But yet the flesh is weak, and oft',
Doth find relief in tears.

But sometimes lately, I begin, To feel the awful strain, Pressing hard upon my life, How long will it remain? Thou knowest this; thou knowest all,
The way that mortals tread.
But every day the manna falls,
And from heaven we are fed.

The daily portion has been sweet, Of love, and peace, and joy; Shouting triumphant in my song, Pure gold has no alloy.

Thy chastisements are always sore,
When for some purpose given;
But if we stand the tests in Christ,
The veil may soon be riven.

He'll give not more than we can bear, He knows our feeble frame, And when he states, "it is enough," His love is e'er the same.

Ten thousand times Christ victor is, O'er all his hellish foes, And he will give us victory too, And healing for our woes.

February 12, 1931.

Prayer Answered

BLESS the God of Jacob, for his kind and loving care,

I thank him, when our needs are great, his love

is always there.

When suffering in body, and my head's bowed in pain, Oh! then I seek the "mercy seat," and I'm made whole again.

Praise God for Jesus' birth, and death, upon the rugged cross,

For by himself, he purged away, our sin, and shame, and dross.

He was made a curse, for sinful flesh, that we might all go free,

He bled, and suffered; yes he died! to succor you and me.

So when the enemy of my life, doth tempt me sore and hard,

Until my flesh seems weakness, and my body sore, and charred;

I bear the cross of chastening, till I fain would lay it down, But I will not yield to Satan; nor let him rob me, of my crown.

'Tis then I fly to Jesus, trust in the victory of his cross, And crying unto God by faith, all else, doth seem but loss, I anoint me in "the glorious name" of the true and living God,

Whose word cannot be broken, and whose truth has ever stood.

I bow me down upon my knees, in humility and prayer; And oh, my God! 'tis you who knows, how often I've been there.

When afflictions press, and woes o'erwhelm, this frail weak house of clay,

'Tis then I seek the trysting place; 'tis then that I must pray.

And often times I'm tested, till I think I can't endure, 'Tis then I press the closer, to mercy's open door. I plead the blood of Jesus, and apply it to my wounds, And the anointing of the Holy Ghost, till Satan's work is doomed.

For when we plead the blood of Christ, Satan cannot hold the ground,

For in the blood of Jesus, healing, for our ill's are found; Be not afraid our Master states, for I have overcome, And if you trust the slain Lamb, the work is surely done.

It is a hard, but glorious way; the way the Master went, We have a suffering Saviour, Who from our God was sent.

And according to the faith that rests, within our humble hearts,

We ask, and seek, and find the balm, that Christ alone imparts.

I have been suffering greatly, yesterday, and to-day. Feeling I could not, endure the pressure more. Seeking the place of refuge, and anointing in God's name; Bless the Lord, with all my heart a glorious healing came.

If we will "obey" the voice of Christ, and will believe his word,

We surely then shall have the things, we supplicate of God.

His word cannot be broken; but sometimes he tests us sore,

But after all the testing, he loves us more, and more.

Oh many times! yes many! has Christ delivered me, And once again to-day, I praise him that I'm free, Trusting him for his mercy, and believe he hears my prayer,

I come away believing, and I rest me in his care.

Everything that I commit, unto his holy name, He's faithful that has promised, and his spirit works the same—

Still silent way; eye cannot see; the work being done, the heart of faith believes.

They who keep this faith in God, shall certainly receive.

December 29, 1930.

Midnight Thoughts

HY did I rise at midnight hour, when all is still and calm?

While others slumber and can sleep while I so wakeful am?

Night after night I lie awake, my thoughts a burning fire, In gleeful play they run along, in making tuneful lyre. I try to sleep, I try so hard, and all my efforts vain, So now I rise to give full vent, to all this pent up train. I'll sing of birds, I'll sing of bees, I'll sing of love, Borne on the breeze.

I will not lie and think and plan, when I may write of these.

Thinking to-night what waste of time, to lie and think, and fake.

When lines of verse, so charming came to keep my eyes awake.

Springing up determined, to prove this false or true,
And ferret out the reason, why my thoughts like snow
flakes flew.

There is a power within that speaks, and will not silent be, But clamours for free utterance, and it has chosen me. A mighty power, a trumpets voice, a voice that calls to say, "The time is short, so up and work, while it is call'd to-day."

Who is this power! what is your name! that rules within my heart?

"'Tis God my child the Eternal One, seeking the living part.

The soul that he has made for you, his dwelling place to be.

Nurturing that, he feeds by night, as well as by the day. When the fuel is burning brightly, refusing thus to sleep, Just open wide the door to him, your treasure house to keep.

The flame he'll fan, the power will grow, the intellect will span

The earth, the sea, the firmament, and soar, through space beyond.

How little know the sons of men, the privilege, to us given,

To soar and view those heights, with him, and get a glimpse of heaven,

We leave the low-lands and the fog, the vapour and the spray,

And soar within our spirit realm, to the land of perfect day.

We love this world which God has made, we love his creatures all;

We love the birds, the bees, the flowers, we love the trees so tall.

We live to love, we love to live, our spirits will rejoice, For who have taken Christ to be, our first and highest choice. Seeing his beauty in the shrub, and in the tiniest flower, Hearing his voice sing in the breeze, that rustles through the bower,

Feeling his gentleness and care, coming in the shower, Knowing he's watchful, and will bless us, every passing hour.

I'm happy now, yes happy as a mortal, e'er could be, Because I'm in his company, and no earthly eyes to see. The hour has passed, the midnight, yet my Lover, leaves me not,

Holding my hand so gently, guiding every thought.

May 18, 1914.

Confidence

H, weary soul why linger there, upon the brink of fear,

Thy God is still alive, and is, at all times very near—

He doth uphold his faithful ones, and shield them from alarm,

When dangers thick stand all around, he hides us from all harm.

When fiery darts of hell—and strife, come booming on our shield,

And foes, who should have been our friends, are gathered on the field.

We buckle all our armour on, and take our sling in hand—And in the fear of God, go forth, and in his truth we stand.

We'll stand for truth, and honour bright, for naught with it compare,

The gold and lands of this sad clime, are empty, lone, and bare.

We'll give the gold to greed and lust, and let them worship well,

We'll keep the path that leads to light, and of its peace we'll tell.

God has always been my friend, a Father kind and true, And if it's chastisements, that prove his love anew, 'Tis then we know, his eye is over, all that we possess, And when the battle rages, he causeth us to stand.

Standing alone with faith in God, when all around looked black,

I could not see his face, but still my faith would not turn back.

Trusting for the peace I knew, when skies were fair and clear,

When cold adversity swept along, standing without fear.

It's hard to trust when earthly things, have closely shorn our fleece;

It's hard to bear the cross and feel, that faith doth fullness give.

Constant prayer will drive away, the thoughts that we've been wrong'd,

The love of Christ will heal the wounds, our enemies have prong'd.

Spring of 1912.

The Life in Christ

For me it shall be my delight—
"And that's obey the voice of God,"
And hearken to his gracious word.

If calling me to write for him,
I ought to gladly harken then!
And set my ear, and tune my voice,
To catch the cadence of the song.

His presence fills the air around,
Is heard in every passing sound—
The symbols of his love appear,
To greet my eyes, and chase my fear.
That Christ is not the one, true God,
The embodiment of his holy word?
My spirit answers to that call—
And crowns him "Lord," over each and all.

There's nothing in this humble frame,
That is not God's by right, and name;
The very air I humbly breathe,
He at my birth did me bequeath—
He gave me heart, and conscience too,
And understanding, as I grew,
And all I have belongs to him—
I cannot now deny his claim.

I'm glad! when but a tender plant,
God did to me his spirit grant,
And oh, the leadings of his will,
Just proves his love, and guidance still.
Sometimes his chastening hand I'd feel,
'Twas but a lounder call to kneel—
And seek, that straight and narrow way—
That guides our lives from day to day.

The slow unfolding of the mind,
Just like a bud in winter time—
Whose petals, closely cling around,
The stamina—anchored in the ground.
Until the Son in righteousness,
And in the springtime of his dress,
Doth clothe our minds, in the innate,
And purity, of his own estate.

We feel our feebleness, our sin,
When Christ's pure light, doth thus shine in—
There's nothing left to stand upon—
But the merits of God's holy Son.
The light but dimly seen at first—
Yet bursts the bands of sin and death.
And like the bud we soon become,
A fragrant full blown rose from him.

A life without a Christ to guide,
Is like a tree without a leaf—
A bower, whose leaves, have withered all—
And shows the sombre, tints of fall.
A stream without a fountain head,
Whose waters stagnant grow; and dead,
Until the angel comes and moves—
Them, with the rod of infinite love.

A pasture land whose grass is brown,
And scorched beneath the noon-day sun,
Where the dew of heaven forgets to fall,
And sheds not moisture over all.
A valley with no beacon light,
To guide our path both day and night.
And where the song of birds have ceased,
The vulture and the viper feast.

Oh! foolish one to wander there,
Thy feet entangled in its snare,
Where tempters ape, and fool will try,
To find an exit by and by—
But not before the serpent's sting,
Has left the poison of its fang,
To mar the God created form,
The earthen vessel tired and worn.

May 20, 1912.

Song of Hope

H, let me sing my songs of cheer,
To all who sorrow, without hope,
There's one, who knows your every fear,
Knows that you out in darkness grope.

Christ shed his blood, he gave his life,
For all who will his name confess;
Then cease! oh, cease! to live in strife!
But turn to God, your righteousness.

To-day is ours; to-morrow's sun

May never rise to give you time;

To come to him, who bids you come;

Then, ne'er! no ne'er! his love decline.

My heart is aching for all those,

Who cast aside our Saviour's love;
In cold indifference, live and pose,

But know the "wise," shall understand.

The enemy in secret works,

To blind the heart, and eyes of men;
The god of this world steathily lurks,

To cast reproach, on Jesus name.

April 9, 1933.

Discouraged

F I am worried or feeling upset,
Feeling discouraged, and inclined to fret;
If the warp of life become entangled, prithee
Jesus my Saviour, I bring it to thee.

I tell thee my sorrows, my doubts, and my fears, Listening in silence, with wide open ears; Hark! there my soul, to the voice that makes free, Jesus my Saviour is talking to me.

"Come ye apart and rest ye awhile,"
After the work, and the toil that beguile.
Enter thy closet, close tightly the door,
Receive from thy Saviour's abundant store.

Thrust off the shackles, that hold thy feet fast, Coming to Jesus, not long will they last. The tempter must fly, and his power depart, When the spirit of Jesus, comes into my heart.

On the wings of faith, mounting; and soar From this frail house of clay; and my vision's o'er The hill-tops of glory; to Emmanuel's land. I've scaled its heights, and its glory I scan, With Jesus my Saviour holding my hand.

January 12, 1932.

I Am Ready

OW dear Jesus, I am ready to write,
For you to-night. While I've been—
Working, I've been singing. I wish I—could have penned, those lovely lines.

But my hands are nearly always busy.

And they go from my memory, and may never come again:

Sometimes the inspiration passes quickly,

And the desire to write is gone.

Ready I've been for many a year, To do something for my Master, But he's saying "just keep quiet, my dear," "Let me go before, and not after."

"Sometimes the sitting, and waiting is hard, But it takes it, to temper the mortar. It is lovely to sing, for me like a bard, But the short cuts, are dangerous; Though shorter!"

"Just sing for me, in your nice quiet home, Till the hour arrives, to go farther, When the two's, and three's, are gathered alone, There am I, in power, and ardour." I write a line or two, in haste, Then up, for some duty, or chore; But my thoughts, keep running along apace, And I hastily run back, to write more.

Some people can sit, and write all day long, Without any disturbance at all.

If they had interruption, like me,
In my song,
I'm sure that their spirits would fall.

Many poems have I started, and written a bit, My thoughts soaring high, like a bird.
When someone seemed suddenly to be taking a fit, But I neither complain'd, or demurr'd.

My poor little poem, was then put aside, And for weeks, would lie in discard; My pen lying idle; but it had to abide, For I was at work, and oft' working hard.

The world, loves its own, providing a way, That her children, may have much pleasure; But the pruning, and cutting, and tearing away, In the life of God's child; proves a treasure.

December 27, 1931.

Jesus, My Saviour, is Coming Again

JESUS, my Saviour, is coming again,
Nothing shall hinder, not sunshine or rain;
Jesus my Saviour is coming again!
Is coming to earth to reign.

Jesus, my Saviour, is coming again, I see earth's shadows, gather o'er the plain; The world in the throes, of its own evil king, Blindly ignore, the signs of the times.

What are the signs, of the times, you say?
What are you writing about to-day?
How do you know, that the King will come?
Come for his saints, and take them home?

I see that the fig tree, is budding now, Putting forth leaves of tender show; The Jews, are the chosen people again, They are going back to Palestine.

"And when, we see, these things, come to pass, Know it is nigh, even at the door;" Distress, is abroad, in the nations all, Yet God has provided, abundant store. Shout it out! over valley and plain,
Tell the glad tidings to sinful men;
That he cometh with clouds, lowering, and dark;
But the voice of the Lord; may be heard.

O! the voice, in my soul, is singing aloud, And the Master's voice, must be obeyed; The commandments, and the doctrines, of man are heard; But the word of the living God, is swayed.

False prophets, and teachers, that have a voice, Are making it heard, in the tumults noise; But the "still, small voice," of our God, is heard, Whispering truths, from his own precious word.

So I'm singing aloud, what he, whispers, to me, While I wash the dishes, or prepare the tea; The Spirit of God, within me doth sing; "Oh, shout it aloud, for I am coming again!"

To those, who love him, the secret, is given, Not to the ungodly, the foolish, and vain, But to them who abide, in the only true vine, Jesus is whispering, his secrets to them.

December 27, 1931.

Come to the Mercy Seat

OME to the mercy seat,

Come! come to-day.

Leave all your burdens there,

Christ will find a way.

Tell all your sorrows out,

Into the Master's ear,

He will make your doubts to cease,

And take away your fear.

O! that is what we need,

To draw near to our God,

What if it be a cross,

Or e'en his chastening rod?

His is the way to life,
Along the rugged road;
The servants must therein abide,
And oft' feel, the piercing goad.

But, O! the joy it brings,

If we listen to his voice,

And make him, throughout our life,

Our early, only choice.

Come! come ye sons of men, And seek, your Saviour now.

Don't drive the cruel thorns, Deeper into his brow.

He has the only cure,

For all the ills of men,

Then trust you in his precious blood,

And you shall live again.

The world's heart, is breaking with her woe, But yet, she will not come, And lay her burdens, at his feet,

In Christ, is help alone.

The hungry, he will feed again,
From out his plenteous store,
The children of our God has ne'er,
Been begging, from door to door.

He who has taught us, how to pray,
"Give us our daily bread."

He will not turn his face away, And give us stones instead.

O weary world, with your bleeding heart,
Pursuing, your own way;
And trusting in your vanities,
I pray you, put them away.

Return you unto the Lord your God,
Providing for all your needs;
"For out of two fishes, and five small loaves,
His hungry ones he feeds."

Return to him, and give him the praise,

That belongeth unto his name,

And he will open, the windows, of heaven,

"Send the early, and latter rain."

The windows of heaven, he'll open wide,
And pour a blessing out;
That will make the heart, of the world rejoice,
And cause the saints to shout.

Inquire of him, and you shall know,

Concerning the world's distress;

He desires to teach the children of men,

They must their sins confess.

Confess your sins—turn unto your God, Before it be too late; The Master of the vineyard, may come,

The Master of the vineyard, may come And you'll be outside the gate.

The Son of God, came once to the world,

To die for the sins of man;

But when he comes, again, to the earth,

He's coming as her King.

Never again, will they spit in his face, Nor his back, with stripes be riven;

For he's coming, with, ten thousands, of his saints; Our bless'd Redeemer, from heaven.

He's coming to judge, the quick, and the dead, His reward to each be given,

The tares from the wheat, he will separate, The world, cannot deceive his vision.

The tares, and the stubble, and chaff, he'll bind, Placing them, in bundles together;

They have scorned, his word, turned aside, from his blood; And like grass, and green herbs, they shall wither.

He will gather his golden wheat, of the earth, Saying come, ye bless'd, of my Father;

Ye have kept my word, ye have honour'd my name; Enter unto my joys forever.

But these on his left, shall go away, They'll be banished, from his presence.

Sorcerers, adulterers, idolaters, and liars; Know not of his spirit, nor Essence.

The wicked shall quail, and call upon rocks, To hide them, in this time of fire;

They know not our God, his word, nor his truth, And upon them, shall be poured out his ire. Yes, God is love, and mercy, and truth,
But he is also judgment, and wrath;
And his judgments, shall be poured out upon all,
Who have pushed him aside, from their path.

If angels are reserved, under darkness, in chains, Awaiting the judgment to come; Surely all human flesh, disobedient in sin, Shall go down into death, and their doom.

December 25, 1931.

Our Lord's Return

H Jesus! thou art coming soon,
My soul cries out to thee,
And thou art coming for to dwell,
With man eternally.

The saints who stand before thy throne, Cry out, oh Lord! how long? Dost thou, not judge, and avenge our blood, On them that unto the earth belong?

It was said unto them, that they should yet,
For a little season rest!
Until the prophesy, should be fulfilled,
For the testimony which they held.

So shout aloud, you saints of life, Your patience has been long; Lift up your heads, and you shall see, Your redemption is at hand.

The beast that has so much blood, shed,
Shall soon be cast away;
And he shall to perdition go,
And will there, remain alway.

So shout aloud, ye saints of God,
And give to him, the praise,
This tyrant of the earth at last,
Yes! numbered are his days.

Then let the Holy Spirit speak,
And tell the truth aloud,
That Jesus Christ, is coming again,
Coming within the clouds.

For the great day of his wrath is come, And who shall be able to stand? On all who have his love ignored, On them, his judgments, send.

The day of mercy is closing fast,
Then harken to his call;
He's waiting now, with open arms,
To receive us, one and all.

April 23, 1924.

Hope and Joy

THERE is a joy within my heart,
The joy of Christian living,
The benediction from above
That God's free grace is giving.

The sun is shining brighlty now, And gleams the landscape o'er, But brighter far, with hope, and joy. My heart is brimming over.

When darksome clouds, would gather 'round, To cause my heart to falter, The "still small voice," then whispers loud. "To commune before his altar."

Then pouring out my soul in prayer, In my beloved closet. I rise from off my bended knees, With gold I there deposit.

And oh! the wealth of such a mine, Its sources ne'er exhausting, The more we give, the more we have, Of faith, and power entrusting.

New Year Sabbath Evening

B LESSED Sabbath evening, in this glad New Year, My heart is filled with hope, and love, and all good cheer.

God has been my daily friend, for many years now past; In him there's 'victory' through his holy promises.

He say my feet shall never slip, nor fall from out the way, But by his promise kept from fear, throughout the live long day;

My hands he'll keep from evil, and train my eyes to see, My heart he'll wash from inbred sin, and foolishness alway.

I praise my God, this glad New Year, for every blessed gift,

And most of all for 'his dear Son' my Friend, and counsellor;

The grace of God hath bourne me up, when sorrows pressed me sore:

When I had been a wanderer, about from shore to shore.

God's purpose is ripening fast, unfolding every hour,

I trust in his omnipotence, and his indwelling power;

He rules in this my heart, and home, in justice and in truth;

Righteousness, will win at last, o'er vanity's abuse.

The vain and foolish things of earth, soon crumble into dust,

Right and wrong, a warfare make, but wrong will return to rust;

When we forget the 'God of heaven,' and make us gods down here,

They too may crumble into dust, from year to year.

Oh! selfish hearts so 'lone, and bare, of fruit, no ne'er a bud,

To show the gracious love of God, of justice and of right. God has promised to stay near, to those, who trust in him, To keep their heart from evil, that their lives may win.

Be not afraid of spite, or hate, or jealousy's alarm; That little shrinking soul within, can do the just no harm; No vision shines where selfishness, is first, and last, and all. "He that is greatest, let him serve," there's beauty in that call.

His promise is, to be about, his children every day.

To guide us by 'his holy word,' to teach us how to pray; And oh! the blessing, and the strength, when to do his loving will;

The incense of the sweetness, is clinging, 'round me still.

An upright life, one born of God, for this, oh! may we plead!

That holds communion, with the Christ, in every time of need;

God will not leave that soul alone, to drift upon the sea, Of storm, or shipwrecks, or in toils, that burdensome shall be. I've praised thee when prosperity, shone brightly, at my door,

I've praised thee when adversity, beat coldly everywhere; I'll praise thee for thy faithfulness, above all earthly care; For thou hast not forsaken, but harken'd, to my prayer.

Oh! trust the God of Jacob, yes! trust him for his love. His faithfulness is greater, than the stars that shine above; He's the avenger, of all wrong; and his reward is sure; The ungodly shall go down to death, but brighter shine the pure.

'The snare they lay, for other's feet, their own shall fall therein.

For God does punish, those who try, by selfishness to win. The love of self, the pride of life, two evils are so great; They court each other, side by side, while the humble sit and wait.

Oh! vanity that props itself, on gold or earthly fame, Soon find that earthly props, drop down; may leave them open shame;

The tongue that flatters, to be loved, will only prove a sting,

A foolish, babbling, empty thing, that has a brassy ring.

Oh! noble lips, that will not stoop, to compromise, craftiness:

But speaks the ring of simple truth, in honour's boldness; Will shine brightly, as the noon-day sun;

When deceit, and guile, lay low.

And smoulder in the dust, from which,

They form a part and show.

Pomposity, and small import,— Tread not, on virtues lovely trail, From which the blessings shall return, And evermore shall reign.

Kinley, Saskatchewan, January 2, 1910.

My Song

H glorious Saviour hear my song!
When feeling weak then am I strong,
Pouring my anthem into thy ear.
Singing to thee happily, while working down here.

Sometimes my feeble trembling body, Is downcast and quite sorrowful; But O, the cloud lingereth not long, I'm cheerful again, and my song prolong.

The world may pass, and its glories fade, If its fame lives longer than one decade; They are only transitory, when at their best; Their happiness fleeth! they bring no rest!

Singing my songs, in a sweet refrain, Remembering that it is good to remain, In a spirit of love, and peace, and rest; Bringing comfort to those, who are in distress.

January 28, 1932.

Our Lord's Day

IS the blessed Sabbath day, oh! gladsome day of rest,

Of all the days that's given this hallow'd one's

Of all the days that's given, this hallow'd one's the best.

We lay aside, the anxious cares, and worries, of the week, Our hearts look upward, to our God, his love, and mercy seek.

We bless him, for this day of rest, so wisely to us given, The curtain falls upon the stage, our thoughts turn toward heaven.

We leave the low lands and the mist, the vapour, and the spray,

We rise to higher, nobler, things, inspired there to stay.

Hallowed place, dear trysting seat, where we are wont to go,

Confessing all our weakness, with humble hearts aglow With gratitude, and praise, for all thy loving care; We bow in adoration, and in thy mercy share.

We love to steal away alone, and shut our closet door, Invoking heaven's blessings, upon both rich, and poor, All the servants of our Lord, who in his vineyard work, And trust that millions yet, be brought to know a Saviour's worth.

The cattle lying in the field, the horses in their stall, Are each enjoying Sabbath rest, provided for them all. The mercy of a loving God, how tender, rich, and fair, Not e'en a sparrow falleth, without a Father's care.

Yes! praise in the morning, for blessing of the week; Praise, at the noon-hour, our thankful lips will speak. Praise in the evening, when the dewy shadows fall, A sacred benediction, we ask for great and small.

Dear Sabbath institution given by God alone, To rest apart from labour, when our week's work is done; To help prepare a mansion, as time flies quickly by, In the "Eternal City," above the etherial sky.

Life centres not consisting, in the abundance we possess—Of earthly store, or treasure, or relics of the best;
But in the inward dwelling, of a heart at peace with God,
We then can boast of treasures, this world knows
nothing of.

A meek and lowly spirit, is a jewel rich, and rare, Surpassing any diamond of the ki-hinoor glare; The flowers of humility, entwined, around our hearts, Compose a picture, of the greatness, human soul's impart.

Going oft' to worship, in our Master's house of prayer, A sacred inspiration, steals softly round us there; We hear the angels chanting, and we know that Theaven's near,

We are carried in our spirit, above all doubt and fear.

There's strength for coming troubles, and we've faith to stem the tide;

Nothing ever daunts us; when we in Christ abide.

Let us pray for all who waver, like a troubled, restless sea, That their souls may all be number'd in our bles't Eternity.

I often think, what would we do, without this day of rest? For our souls are fed, and nourished, and often time refresh'd;

We hail each passing morning, with a gladsome, winning smile;

For we know we're one day nearer home, 'Twill be just a little while!

Vancouver City, British Columbia, November 29, 1908.

To Little Urmy Johnson

And thoughtful grows each day;
Will into other lives entwine,
And leave a gladsome ray;
Of warm sunshine, in winter time,
To cheer us, on our way.

We thank you Urmy, for your gift, The little book we'll read, And all its thoughts we'll closely sift, With right good cheer indeed. And all through life, may you be bles'd. With all kind friends you need.

My Prayer of Intercession, for a Glorious Revival

I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men.—1 Timothy 2-1.

On this day, we are commemorating, the death of thy glorious Son:

Our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

We would not forget, oh, our God,
That Jesus hung upon the cross for our sins,
And the sins of the whole wide world.

What a glorious offering!
The just for the unjust.

We thank thee our God, for thy wonderful gift:
For the love, that thou has shown for sinners,
In that Jesus Christ, came to this earth,
Took upon himself, the form, and body of a man.

Going to the cross of Calvary to atone for our sins, He shed, and offered, his own precious blood, A living sacrifice, for sin and uncleanness. In his death he opened up the way, In to the Holy of Holies.

The secret place, to approach our God.

Leaving it open, for those who will, enter in, And partake of, and receive mercy.

Oh, Glorious Father, we thank thee to-day for Jesus,
For his all atoning blood, a perfect sacrifice.
The only name given under heaven, among men,
Whereby, we must be saved.
Help us Lord to accept thee, as our own personal Saviour;
And not to rest, until our souls, rest in thee,
That we may know for a certainty, that we have passed,
from death, unto life.

Oh Lord, our God, we know, that if we have not eternal life, abiding in us here,
In these earthen bodies of ours.
That we have not entered into, the right,
Spiritual, relationship, of eternal life, in thee,
Let us not be satisfied, with anything, short of that.
For we are then, only deceiving our own souls.
Our God, whose eyes are running to and fro,
Throughout the whole earth;
Beholding the evil, and the good,
Knoweth the secret thoughts of our hearts.

Oh Jesus, make us a better people, and a better nation. Bless all in authority over us; give to our Rulers, and ambassadors, true faith, and trust, in God's laws.

Turn their hearts away, from self, and self aggrandizement. Help them to have a vision of "thy honour and glory," May they make thee, their counsellor and friend. Bless our God, the British Empire,
Thou who has made her name GREAT.
There the shoughts and the decires of her people

Turn the thoughts, and the desires of her people to thee, Guide, and guard her freedom;

May Britain never forget, the true and, living God.

May she stand more firmly, for truth and righteousness; In the present time, and the days to come;

Than she has ever done before.

May she be strong, to put away all idols,

And false worship, worshipping thee alone.

Who art able to keep her, and her open Bible safely. Oh! God, direct her course!

And her influence, to honour thy name.

Give her statesmen, wisdom from above, and over-rule man's foolishness.

When they would try to govern, without keeping faith with thee.

Take away the desire for lust, and greed, after material things;

"Help us to lay up treasures in heaven, where

Moth, and rust, do not corrupt, nor thieves break through, nor steal,"

Help us to behold the empty tomb; and then Turn to our "glorious risen Lord, and Master." Who is ever present, to help, to guide, to direct, And to strengthen us. Bless thy beloved Church, make her strong to
Endure the cross, to lift the standard of her risen
Christ, higher; to preach the everlasting
Gospel, with power into salvation.
That all men, may hear, and believe, and
Accept Jesus, as their own personal Saviour,
Forgive our sins of omission, and commission,
Wash them away in that precious blood, that was shed
on Calvary.

Lead us into Eternal Life. Both here and hereafter. This we fervently desire in Jesus name.

AMEN.

April 3, 1931.

The Hidden Life

DAY begun, without the Lord,
Oft' endeth in defeat,
The better way, is seek him first,
While the morning hour is sweet—
With rest, refreshing from the night;
Look up! and then your Father greet.

We're only promised one day here, To serve thee, at a time; And if we start each morn' with thee, The bells of sorrow chime, And ring so sweetly, all the day— In one glad pleasant rhyme. When I begin the day alone,
And take not time to pray;
I find my spirit hungry grows,
And longs to steal away—
To gather strength, and peace, and rest,
And love, 'that lives alway!'

The spirit of my Master doth,
Give grace for every care,
But I must come, and drink, and live,
For his "grand prize" to share—
An overflowing measure then,
Rewards my humble fare.

I wish, I could tell: here to-night,
How good, he's been to me,
Tongue could not tell; pen could not write;
The sweet communion we—
Enjoy together, when alone;
No human eye to see.

"Go to thy closet," Father said,
"And speak, my child, to me,"
"Thou art my own, I love thee still,
Though thy waywardness I see.
Come let me fold you to my breast,
And rest content in me."

"My purposes, are ripening fast, Unfolding every hour," The bud has had a bitter taste, But sweeter grows the flower. The thorns are pruned, stray branches cut, Throughout thy spirit's bower.

'Tis wonderful how God upholds,
A frail, and mortal frame—
The times when we feel, weakest are,
The times when God comes in,
And working through us oft' performs,
The impossibles of men.

I look around my home to-night,
I see thy presence here;
He promised me he would uphold,
And shield us from the snare;
And evil of the enemies who—
Made life, seem lone, and bare.

My God is true; I know his name,
Is faithfulness evermore,
And if he had not let me see,
A glimpse of heaven's joy;
For those who seek his guiding hand,
The grief I could not bear.

There is a way that seemeth right,
Unto a man—but it—
Just leadeth down to sin, and death,
Down to the awful pit;
But they who trust in God, shall rise,
And in confidence shall sit.

Only with my eyes, shall I behold, And see the end of sin; For nothing but true righteousness— In life, shall ever win. Deceit, and lust, and hate, and fraud, To the upright hath no kin.

God knows the proud, afar off too, Their haughtiness shall fall— They like the fatted ox, shall kick, And overturn, their stall. And lamentations, loud and long, Shall hover 'round their pall.

Oh! gracious one, be in this home, And keep thy children pure; Take out the vanity, of this world, Give us of thy wisdom's lore, To guide our faltering feet to thee, And bless us evermore. 'Tis God who fills my heart to-night, Who makes my pen to fly—
He tells me of his wondrous love,
"Just now, and bye and bye"—
He has riches more than we can use,
While here; "and crowns on high."

Kinley, Saskatchewan, June 16, 1910.

Faith

PETER'S wife's mother lay sick of a fever,
And Jesus came in, and healed her,
Straightway she arose, and minister'd to them,
For Jesus had made her whole.

I know that my Redeemer lives, And is ascended, up on high, And when the time has fully run, He is coming, by and by.

We have his word, and his promise true,
Which never! never! can fail,
So let us rejoice and be ready too,
Our glorious Bridegroom to hail.
He will say to "his bride" 'come ye up hither,
Out of the tribulation, and travail.'

June 7, 1933.

Easter (1908)

IS the blessed Sabbath eve, on this bles't Easter day.

When our Saviour rose triumphant, o'er the frail

house of clay;

He rose to give salvation, to a lost and fallen race, And is reigning now triumphant, in his own appointed place.

He rose to break the bands of death, the captive to set free,

He trod the cruel pathway of sorrow, grief, and care, Bore in love, the crown of thorns, his enemies placed there.

He is the life, the truth, the way; his children to him flee. We pour on him our sorrows, upon our bended knee, We fly to Christ for mercy, he is our hope and stay, And many, many, burdens, he oft' times, drives away.

He too was persecuted, the innocent, the just, By ribal'd bands of sinful men, through vileness and lust; The world has always stoned the truth, and flung it far aside.

But Jesus rose in "victory," its gates to open wide.

The sealed stone, could not contain, the Lord of earth, and sky;

The bands of death were flung aside, his glory to descry; When sinful men deriding, he meekly said "forgive," And prayed, that they, "Eternal Life," in him might have! Oh! love so o'erwhelming, so full, so rich, and free, Bless God just now it reaches, and strengthens even me. I dare not live without thee, my Counsellor, my King, I love to rest my weary head, close to thy sheltering wing.

Why should you bear the cross alone, and free thy child to-day?

Why should I tremble at the thought, and try to turn away?

Sometimes it presses heavily, and the weight my frame doth shake;

But I gain the greatest blessing, from underneath its weight.

I've bowed me in the garden, of lone Gethesemene;
I've seen the world's vain friendship turn aside and flee;
But those who watch close by thy side, thy company shall share;

And the presence of the Angels, to guard from worldly fear.

My Christ is one who liveth, forever now on high, The Holy Spirit, is my "Guide," and ever stays close by: When trials press my pathway, and all my friends forsake; 'Tis then the richest blessing, I from thy hand partake.

Oh! glorious Easter evening, my heart has one new song; The victory of thy blood-stained cross, and of the empty tomb!

A precious risen Saviour! who understands my grief; A mighty 'Elder Brother,' who quickly sends relief. Christ Jesus' way was rugg'd, he walked the path alone! He trod the lonely winepress, forsaken and forlorn, He fasted in the wilderness, 'till human strength was gone; Then bid the "tempter," stand aside! His Divinity to Crown.

Who would not love this Easter Day, of all the days the best?

The finished work of Christ on earth, stands forth in beauty dres't;

Redemption's story finished, eternal life shines out, We praise a living Saviour; and glad hosannas shout.

Snowflake, Manitoba, Easter, 1908.

The Church Easter Sunday

IS Easter day holy, and sacred; where Jesus lay low in the tomb,
His foes thought they surely had triumph'd,

His followers shroud'd in gloom;

The Mary's were weeping for Jesus, their hearts were lonely, and sad,

Could not see through the darkness; nothing to make their hearts glad.

So in the early morning, they hasten'd back to the tomb; Found it was open, and empty; they knew not their Lord had gone.

Astonished, and wondering greatly, they turned in sorrow to go;

When Jesus said "Woman! why weepest thou? Why sorrow so?

Then Mary said "Sir! if you know where they've laid him, Just tell us, for spices we've brought!

We'll 'tend him, and kindly we'll care for—

The Master, the dear One, we've loved, and lost."

Then Jesus said "Mary!" and quickly she knew,
"Rabboni!" the one she loved most.

There was joy among the disciples, on that blessed Easter day,

Their hearts were burning within them, as they walked along the way.

The Master himself was their teacher, Explaining the scriptures so clear, They walked, and they talked together, His presence had banished their fear.

We praise thee O God! for thy goodness, we bless the to-day for thy love,

For the gift of thy blessed Son Jesus:

Two-thousand years after the cross.

We worship the risen Saviour, the Redeemer of all mankind:

Never a name under heaven, more precious than his do we find.

We cannot live here without him;

His presence we crave every day,

Dark and lonely, would our lives be, if Jesus had not come to stay.

The story's been told to all nations, of how he suffered and died;

This Gospel's been preached, of his Kingdom, Throughout the world, far and wide.

Here on this Easter Sunday, I'm sitting alone while I write;

The church in her 'militant' glory, is still in the thick of the fight.

She's been batter'd, torn, and bleeding,

But still in the WORD, she stands,

Preaches the grand old gospel, in Christian and heathen lands.

She believes, in a crucified Saviour, of God's own Son, among men.

We'll lift her standard higher! her blood-stain'd banner shall win.

All that's good in this world, we owe it to Jesus the crucified;

May his people prove worthy of him! In the Church, be he sanctified.

The church has come down, through the ages, with many a tear, and scar.

Martyrdom, tortures, and hatred, dealt out from Apollyon at par;

She's defended her faith; with the sword of love, in the pure word of God.

She stands for an open Bible, she honours his holy word.

What she sows may be sown in weakness;

But our dear Lord understands.

He's guiding the helm of her vessel, and she moves at his command.

The wheat, and the tares, grow together, 'till the harvest shall winnow them out;

When Christ shall come, with his angels,

When the trumpet shall sound, with a shout.

The kingdom is Christ's, and we're in it, because we're abiding in him;

His children are promised the victory, over hell, and death, and sin.

Let us cling to the hem of his garment, and honour our risen Lord!

And live for the things eternal, promised in God's own word.

The world may rush on, in madness, in folly, in sin, and crime;

But the church struggles on, in gladness, to do 'God's Holy will.'

Some day she will rise victorious, cast her helmet, and sword aside;

And her song will be triumphant; At last she is Christ's own Bride.

Kinley, Saskatchewan, Easter Sunday, March 31, 1918.

The Day of Grace

THIS day of grace is closing fast,
The Gentile age is almost o'er;
The Son of God is coming soon,
He is almost at the door.

Oh! saints lift up your heads and see, Your redemption, draweth nigh; For Christ will come; he will not tarry, With ten thousand from the sky.

The bread of life is breaking now, And the wine cup's with us too, But Christ himself, will follow soon, For this age is almost through.

Oh! sinners, harken to the call, That is whispering to my soul; And heed the message of the Lord, Let Christ your lives control.

Our day of grace is closing fast,

The morning dawn appears;
Then haste you! haste you! to repent;

Leave your doubts, and fears.

Prepare! Prepare! to meet thy God, Oh! heed the message all; Before the door of mercy's closed, Repent! and on Christ's call. He will not cast away your trust,
Nor put your hope to shame;
For he's the Saviour of the lost,
Yes! glory to his name.

Dear Jesus! I could sing all day, But there is work to do; And thou has called me unto it, Oh! let me see it through.

The love of God is greater far,

Than heaven or earth combined,

For he is greater, than his works,

And all in them contained.

January 12, 1931.

Obedience

RITE something for Jesus, is that the plea?

Ah! quickly my pen shall write something for thee.

What shall the theme be, very humbly I ask, That my writing may be, a privileged task?

To tell of thy goodness, thy love, and thy care,
To tell of my faith in thy power, by prayer;
Thy goodness to me, is greater by far,
Than the effulgence, that shines, from the bright evening
star.

I've seen thy dear guiding hand, in my life many years, I've been bowed low, in sorrow, in grief, and in tears; Yet God in his goodness, has always been true, Upheld and supported me, all the way through.

When fortune smiled brightly I praised my God then, When adversity rolled heavily, I praised him again; Though the way was so dark, and my vision was mar'd, The Lord to my innermost soul, then appeared.

To cheer and to comfort, when tribulation would crush, The still voice, was my solace, I would sing like a thrush; My God showed me plainly, that he was my friend; To work out his purpose, my cause to defend.

They who trust in the truth; shall be kept from deceit, A pure life may rejoice; if it be only defeat, For better defeat, from the world's point of view, Than to sacrifice honour, and integrity true.

In thy word I see plainly, 'tis only the just,
That walketh uprightly, and puteth their trust,
Where rogues, and where thieves, cannot break through,
nor steal.

The joy of thus living, thy children may feel.

Vancouver, British Columbia, 1909.

Praise

PRECIOUS Saviour, I am thine,
Fill me with thy love Divine,
Let my spirit ever soar,
Praising thee for evermore.

Let me live, that so I may,
Sing thy praise day by day,
Oh, that all thy joy may know,
And their sin, and shame forego.

Let me fight, so that the prize,
In Christ Jesus, may arise—
And shine around the souls of men;
Winning them, away from sin.

Keep my heart, and hands, so clean, That thy spirit may be seen; And acknowledged, day by day; Pointing in the upward way.

Desire and lust, for things that's seen,
Not in Christ, shall they adorn;
Nor uphold the sons of men,
That on earthly manna feed.

January 5, 1910.

I Only Know

EAR Saviour! I only know, that thou art mine, I find thee better, day by day.
So true, so faithful, and so kind,
Thou chaseth all my doubts away.

I only know, that when I'm ill, No other hand but thine can stay. The doctor's nostrums and his pills, All fail to drive the pain away.

I only know, that many days, Along these changing scenes of time, I've learned that faith—in Christ—"does pay," When we will let his glory shine.

I only know, my Saviour loves, To have me put my trust in him; For when I pray, 'tis when I prove, That victory for my soul, doth win.

I only know 'tis better far,
To love the Christ who died for me.
To live apart, from those who mar—
The fellowship, 'twixt, me and thee.

I only know, in this lone clime, Where friends are few, and far between; When coming closer to thy shrine, 'Tis then how real thy glory seems. I only know, that weeks just past, Have found me suffering, day by day, I've learned that nostrums, do not last, And pills, and powders, will not stay.

I only know, they nullify
And lull to sleep, in false protest—
That they will cure—then by and by
The pain comes back; their ill confess'd.

I only know, that as for me The Saviour is my healing power, I come to him, on bended knee, And find relief, that very hour.

I only know, that just the same: The Christ of yesterday to me; His power, has neither died, nor waned, For just 'to-day' he set me free.

I only know, that I will praise, The God of Daniel evermore; And in his name, my voice I'll raise, Before his throne, my faith I'll pour.

I only know that I am glad, That I do know, the Lord my God. Nothing could buy, the peace I have, Through trusting in his holy word. I only know, Christ's in his kingdom now, If in our hearts we let him reign, And simply at his footstool bow, He quickly drives away all pain.

I only know that I have proved Afresh. His dying love to me, And that he hears, and answers prayer, The same as he did yesterday.

I only know, that I am blind, When from his side, I try to live; No lasting pleasure, can I find, No just excuse to him, can give.

I only know, that if he spares— My life to work, and live for him; No talent buried, may he find, That would a crown of glory win.

Kinley, Saskatchewan, September 13, 1911.

Look Up! Look Up!

H! look up, look up, ye sons of men, And praise the Lord our God, For the Lord is good, in all his works, And he cometh, with his reward.

The time is near, and the time is at hand, For our Lord to come again. For the fig-tree is budding; her leaves are green; Then I'll sing this glad refrain. Why weep, and why wail, in the dark of the night, When the morning, is close at hand?
And the Bridegroom's voice, will be heard again,
Through the length, and the breadth of the land.

Then lift up your heads, ye saints of God, And listen, and pray, and wait; For that glorious day, is drawing near, His footsteps may be, at the gate.

O, rest your souls, on his holy word, Keep faith burning bright, in your hearts; Let not trials, or troubles, affliction or grief; From his promises, cause us to part.

The world rushes on, in its mad, wild pace, Of pleasure, and vanity, and sin; But the voice of the Dove, is heard in the land For our Lord, is coming to reign.

He is coming to reign, as Christ the King, The Lord that was crucified, Yes! the Lord that died, on the cruel cross, Will come for his sanctified.

It may be at morning, or noon, or night,
That hour we do not know;
But the 'signs of the times,' we were told to watch,
For the wise, shall truly foreknow.

He will come, as a snare, on the careless ones, Who are not looking, for his return; But all those, who are washed, in his precious blood, Have no cause for fear or alarm.

April 18, 1929.

The Abscess

THE Lord be with me this day! this day!

And teach me how to pray,

The Lord be with me this day! this day!

And teach me how to trust.

An abscess, in my left ear, there is,
Aching, paining, and hurting me sore,
I cry to my Father, to take it away,
Or give me grace to endure.

The enemy enters, presses me hard,

To weaken my faith, in God's holy word,
I resist him, through Christ's precious blood,

And his victory on the cross.

Jesus told me to-day, "that he'd heal my ear,"
If only I'd trust him," and never fear,
Said he, "you are a woman of faith,"
But now it was 'trust,' he was looking for.

Not long after, my ear itching began, The itching, and stinging, was terrible, I asked my dear Lord, what was the cause? He answered, "I'm healing the abscess."

"If you'll stand the itching, the healing I'll do," I felt I could tear it to pieces; But I knew very well, he was testing me then, To trust him alone, was the problem.

However! my ear very badly did feel, Several days, and nights, did I suffer. The itching became so intense, that I had, To call in the family doctor.

When the doctor, examined my ear, with his light, Said he, "you've had an abscess in it," But the next words he uttered, to my delight, were; "It is healed." So my Lord wished him to see it. August, 1931.

My Trysting Place

YVE just risen, from my trysting place, Before the mercy seat, Been pouring out my heart to God-In deep communion, sweet. When trials cross my pathway, Or sorrows, leave their scar, I know that Christ, is pleading, For me before the bar.

He whispers to my soul, by times,
"My child just steal away,"
Tell me all your troubles,
As they come to you each day;
I have mercy, for the sinful,
I have justice for each wrong,
I'm your loving, tender Father,
Who keeps, your crown, your robe, your song."

As the lightning, flashes downward, And the thunder rolls along, The rainclouds over-shadow, For a time, the shining sun, Thus sometimes, I leave my children, To weep awhile alone: For the heart that knows no sorrow, Soon would turn to petrid stone.

There are chastenings very heavy, Yes, too great to bear alone, But the heart that yields submission, Richest blessings to its borne. What are all this vain world riches? What are all its pomp, and glare? All its hateful strife, and envy: When we them, with Christ compare?

I'll wash my hands—though innocent—Yes! from greed, or lust, or pelf—For they're nought but earthly dross;
That confine the nobler self.

The spirit's work's so hamper'd, And our Saviour's oft' forgot' Amid the din, and clamour, Of this world's sweet garbage-pot.

Kinley, Saskatchewan, February 8, 1911.

Trust On

RUST on, trust on, believer,
The time may not be long,
'Till the saints shall shine in glory,
And the world be judged for sin.

The clouds are gathering 'round us,

The distressing cry, and wail,

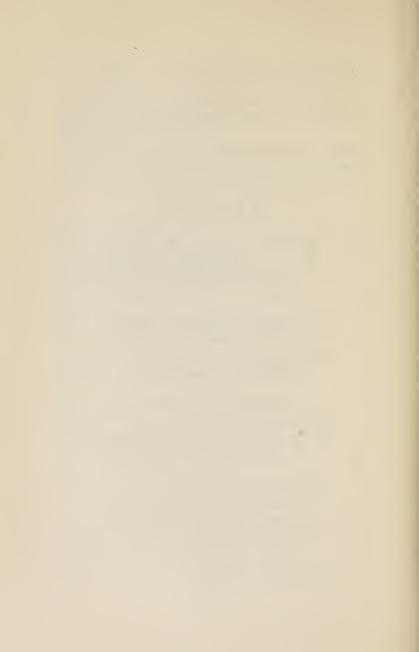
But those who look, to the Lord our God,

Will find he cannot fail.

He has promised, to protect us, In our poverty, and pain, He knows his blood-washed children, And will send the latter rain.

Arise! arise! and seek him,
You that are without the fold,
For the day of mercy's closing,
And the message, must be told.

November 2, 1932.











PS 8473 A66G5 Lang-Miller, Margaret Gertrude Gleanings along the highways

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

